HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVI.—No. 1317.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Copyright, 1882, by Harper & Brothers.

THE WESTERN FLOODS—HOMELESS AND ADRIFT.—[See Page 174.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, March 18, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 124, published March 14, contains an exciting girls' story, by Mrs. Julia K. Hildreth, *entitled "Polly Gardner and the Draw-Bridge"; an unusually interesting installment of the Serial Story; a brilliant sketch by* Mr. David Ker; *and the beginning of "Punchinello, his Extraordinary Life and Marvellous Adventures," the latter being a tale of wonder calculated to produce great delight among the little folks.*

Special attention may be called to "Some Odd Relations of the Jelly-Fish," by Miss Sarah Cooper, *to a short sketch of* W. E. Gladstone, *and to "An Old-fashioned Amusement," as articles in which instruction and entertainment are ingeniously blended.*

In addition to the engravings which accompany the text is a bright front page, entitled "Teasing Tom," and also a beautiful double-page illustration, called "The New Love."

GARFIELD AND "THE SOUTH."

THE anti-Bourbon movement in Kentucky, of which we speak elsewhere, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. The friends of President Garfield know how anxious he was that his Administration should see a thorough restoration of friendly feeling in the Union, and how hopeful he was of its accomplishment. Mr. Blaine alluded to this purpose in one of the most interesting passages of his recent discourse, and stated that it was the intention of the President to go into the Southern States and to declare his views frankly. He expected to be a guest at the Yorktown celebration, at the Atlanta Cotton Exposition, and at the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, and he was even considering the general character of the speeches that he would make, believing that the three occasions offered him precisely the scope and variety of opportunity that he desired. The frustration of this plan is one of the great misfortunes consequent upon his death. Of all conspicuous Republicans, General Garfield was incomparably the best fitted for such a duty, and speaking as President, his words would have been events. His complete familiarity with the subject, his power of clear and eloquent statement, his admirable tranquillity of temperament, and the candor which had always retained the respect and friendship of his political opponents, his strong convictions, earnestness, patriotism, and generous, simple Americanism, would have enabled him, among those who are peculiarly susceptible to effective oratory, to have knit more closely the bonds of union.

This general purpose of acknowledging no other "Southern question" than that of a constantly more friendly understanding was maintained by President Arthur in his Message, and it must be now clear to intelligent and patriotic citizens of the Southern States that there is no longer a bloody shirt in politics. The most absurd of Democratic orators would hardly shout that "hatred of brethren" is the sole Republican principle. But the disagreeable fact for the Southern States remains that immigration is not eager to pour into them, and that capital does not greedily seek Southern investment. Yet industry revives in those States, and they are generally as peaceful and orderly as any others. They have, indeed, a larger poor and ignorant class, and race distinctions are more obvious and troublesome, than in other States. But it is singular that the intelligent citizens of that part of the country do not more generally see and weigh the disastrous influence of one familiar fact, or that if they see it, they are so silent. The Southern States, since the "carpet-bag" era, have been unitedly and constantly opposed to the National Administration. As that Administration since the war has represented the party which maintained the Union and the government, the conclusion is natural and obvious that the real sentiment of the Southern States is unfriendly to the Union. That this is not so is undoubtedly true. But it is not surprising that labor and capital should both prefer those parts of the country in which there can be no such impression. The adherence of the Southern States to this apparent hostility certainly has been of no advantage to them. The Bourbon Democratic alliance has been of no service, and so far as national principles and local policy are concerned, there is no reason why they should not be as solidly Republican as they are Democratic.

General Garfield would have shown the Southern States the best and truest type of Republican and Republicanism. He would have pointed out to them that in cultivating hostility to the Republican party they were really arraying themselves against the general principles and policy which are as beneficial to the South as to every other section. He would have told them, and with persuasive eloquence, that they were holding aloof from the course of progress and development, and that the great object of the always unnatural alliance with the Democratic party was gone and forever. General Garfield also is gone, but the truths that he would have plainly stated remain. It is by coming into union with the American spirit and character as they are shown, not by individual Republicans and certain acts of the Republican party, but by its general character and history, that the true prosperity of the Southern States will be restored. It is well known here that there is a strong sentiment in those States that would have responded gladly to Garfield's words. Let it respond equally to his ideas and wishes and hopes, and the vision that he saw will be made real in the disappearance of that distrust which is fostered by the apparent alienation of the Southern States.

BRADLAUGH AND WILKES.

Mr. Bradlaugh may be a very disagreeable person, and he may hold very repulsive opinions, but as he has been lawfully elected to Parliament, and is ready properly to take the lawful oath, the House of Commons in refusing him admission renews the old contest with Wilkes, and it must be with a similar mortifying result. The leader of the Tories is said to have expressed the opinion that Mr. Bradlaugh ought not to be admitted because he does not feel himself to be bound by the oath. But such an assumption is inadmissible, because the authority of the House in such a matter can not transcend the proper conformity to its rules.

In the Wilkes case it was argued unanswerably that no person could be excluded from the House except upon grounds of disqualification legally proved. When it was urged that, if re-elected, a member could be expelled again, it was answered that no man in England could be punished twice for the same offense; and that the new election was an appeal from the House to the constituency, which had a constitutional right to overrule the judgment of the House, and to determine whether it regarded the expelled member as its most suitable representative. Hallam says that doubtless the House has sometimes assumed the power of incapacitation, but that so extraordinary a power can not be supported except by a kind of prescription that can not be shown, and that the law and practice must now be accepted as final that expulsion does not incapacitate a member who has been expelled from immediate re-election.

This is Bradlaugh's case. He was expelled and immediately re-elected, and he offers to take the oath in the usual and legal manner. It must be assumed that he takes it as all other members take it. Theoretical opinions and probabilities and casuistry can no more be applied in his case than in that of any other member. If it had been asked of Mr. Mill, when he offered to take the oath, whether he regarded it as binding, the question would not have been tolerated. The House can go no farther than words and acts. It is to be hoped that the Ministry will take firm ground upon the subject, and hold it, insisting that Mr. Bradlaugh, whether the House likes him or dislikes him, shall be treated precisely like all other members. The House will certainly find that expulsion does not expel. Bradlaugh disappears, and a principle takes his place. Personally he can not be more repulsive to the dominant sentiment of the House than Wilkes. But Wilkes conquered. The House of Commons in dealing with Bradlaugh, who has been lawfully elected and offers to take the oath, may well remember what Dr. Franklin said: "If George the Third had had a bad private character, and John Wilkes a good one, the latter might have turned the former out of his kingdom."

FREE CANALS.

No man's opinion in regard to the canal policy of New York is entitled to more careful consideration than that of Horatio Seymour. Long experience has given him an accurate and detailed knowledge of the great interests of the State, and no New-Yorker has its welfare more at heart. Mr. Seymour has written a letter to the chairman of the Assembly Committee on Canals, pleading for the most liberal canal policy, and favoring the pending amendment exempting boats, freights, and passengers from State tolls.

Both for railroads and canals Mr. Seymour holds that a liberal policy is demanded by the general interest of the State. Tolls are special taxes which fall heavily upon labor, industry, and commerce, and it would be as sensible for a city to impose a tax upon those who use the streets, because the maintenance of streets is costly, as for a State to tax those who use its avenues to bring what is necessary for its commerce and industry. The supposition is fallacious that the whole question of the canals is whether they shall be supported by those who use them, or by a tax upon the whole State. In fact, as Mr. Seymour states, the object of the amendment is not only to relieve the boatmen and save the canals, but to lighten taxation in every part of the State. When the canals were projected, it was argued that while they might benefit sections of the State near to them, they would injure more remote sections by drawing trade away from them. The result showed the folly of the fear. The ratio of taxation in the extreme northern and southern sections of the State has been reduced, while their markets have been improved and enlarged.

The reason of this is that State taxes are assessed upon each county in proportion to its wealth, and whatever increases the value of property in any one section cuts down taxation elsewhere. In 1818, the valuation of New York and Kings County was less than twenty-five per cent. of the whole State. In 1880, it had risen to nearly fifty-six per cent., or more than one-half the valuation of the whole State. The excess of city assessments is not due to the greater wealth of cities so much as to the fact that trade draws to commercial centres money and investments from other States and countries. To divert commerce from the State is as grave an injury to the farmers as to any other class. To maintain the freedom and efficiency of the canals, also, is to hold in check the power of great railroad corporations. It bars combination and promotes competition. The State should retain its control, because to surrender it to the national government is to intrust the canals to influences which favor rival routes. "The chief element in the prosperity of every State or nation," says Mr. Seymour, in conclusion, "is the economy of transportation of persons and property. It is the most marked fact in the difference between civilization and barbarism." Mr. Seymour's letter must necessarily exert great influence upon the decision of the question.

THE SENATE AND THE CHINESE.

The necessarily brief sketches and statements of Congressional speeches which appear in the daily papers give a very imperfect impression of what is said. It may be true that many speeches are made which had been better unspoken, and that much long-drawn crudity and folly is carefully preserved in the *Record*. But it is no less true that careful and able speeches, the result of intelligent study, and comprising much valuable information upon important topics, are delivered in Congress of which the country has really no knowledge whatever. The reporter may like or dislike the speaker, he may attend to the speech or neglect it, he may agree with it or disapprove it, and thousands of readers—indeed, the great body of readers in the country—must be content with the opinion that the reporter expresses, and know no more, unless they send for the *Record*. We do not, therefore, propose that the daily papers shall surrender all their space to a report of Congressional proceedings. We only warn the reader to refer to the authentic and full report if he would know what was said.

Most readers probably suppose that in the late Chinese debate in the Senate Mr. Hoar made a hot and narrow protest against the pending bill, asserting violently what we have seen called a half moral truth. The fact is that Mr. Hoar's speech was a very carefully prepared study of the subject, and a very strong and temperate assertion that the bill was needless, the expression of a panic, and in conflict with the fundamental principle of the government. So far as labor is concerned, he declared for a policy that will increase the purchasing power of the wages of the American laborer. He expressly disclaimed all sympathy whatever with those who favor high protection and cheap labor. Those who suppose that upon the subject of the Chinese immigration Mr. Hoar would speak at random and without knowledge, do not know him. He is no more anxious than Senators Miller and Farley, of California, to see American labor degraded, or this country submerged in a Chinese inundation. He understands quite as well as Mr. Montgomery Blair that this country is given to us to promote Christian civilization. But he thinks that the particular provisions of the Chinese bill tend to defeat that purpose. In fine, Mr. Hoar has probably mastered the details of the subject, including all the treaties, reports, and testimony, very much more thoroughly than the critics who denounce him as a narrow-minded idealist. The treaty empowers us to "regulate, limit, or suspend" the coming and residence of Chinese laborers, but not to prohibit it. The bill, however, is intended absolutely to prohibit it for twenty years. Moreover, it is not the importation of coolies—to which Mr. Hoar is as much opposed as anybody—but immigration, not the slave, or prostitute, or leper, or thief, against which the bill is levelled, but the laborer coming of his own will. This Mr. Hoar declares to be the first attempt to place in the law of nations a denial of what America has always asserted to be the inalienable right of every man, the right to change his home and allegiance. It is a limitation of the human rights which it has been always our national pride to assert and maintain; and the tone of the Senators who defended the bill seemed to show that they were aware of it.

Senator Hoar points out how small and insignificant the numbers of the Chinese population in this country are, and what a slight proportion the immigration bears to that from other countries. There are but 100,000 Chinamen in the country. During the last year the Chinese was one seventy-second of the whole immigration. Is this a peril to American institutions? Mr. Hoar holds the support of the bill to be due, first, to race prejudice, and second, to the fear of the cheapness of Chinese labor. He shows that the same hostility has been shown in various countries to the colored race, the Irish, the Jews, and the Indians, and that it is unjust as against the capacity of the Chinese. As for cheap labor, he holds that the Chinaman will insist soon enough upon his full share of the product of his work, and that by a sure economical law every new class of productive laborers elevates the class that it displaces. He cites the report of Mr. Morton to the effect that the injury to labor even on the Pacific coast may well be doubted, and he quotes the wages of mechanics and laborers in 1878 to show that they were quite as high as those of other parts of the country. Senator Hoar does not deny that there may be great abuses and dangers attendant upon the coming of the Chinese. But they can be largely remedied by State and municipal authority, and Congress may wisely co-operate, while vigilant consular officers should prevent the coming of all but free laborers of good character. The Senator does not believe it to be wise or safe to overthrow the fundamental American principle of the right of every man to the free choice of a home in order to shut out a few Chinese laborers. In the long debate there has been no more cogent and clear application of the American principle to the proposed exclusion of the Mongolian race from the American continent than the speech of Mr. Hoar. The bill will probably become a law, because the treaty was negotiated to procure the passage of such a law, and because the citizens of the Pacific coast, who are immediately concerned, and who are really alarmed, are unanimous in its favor. But Mr. Hoar recalls the country to the principle upon which it has grown to its present power and prosperity.

THE QUEEN.

The universal expression of sympathy for the Queen of England in the peril to which she was recently exposed by the shot of a man who seems to be insane was all the stronger in this country because of her own warmly expressed feeling for Mrs. Garfield last autumn. There has been always, indeed, in this country, a feeling of sincere regard for the Queen as a most exemplary wife and mother, and a diligent and faithful head of the government. The *Life of Prince Albert* gives glimpses of the royal household in which the Queen is a very womanly and attractive figure, and the sorrow of her bereavement has appealed very strongly to all who knew the true affection of the Prince Consort and his wife.

After the long Georgian epoch, covering more than a century, and at no point illustrious or admirable in the monarch himself, the progressive reign and the stainless court of Victoria fill a chapter of British history which will be always a proud recollection to Englishmen.

Had the shot of the other day been as fatally true as that of the 2d of July in Washington, the sorrow of this country would have been only less than that of England. There is a demagogue's trick of appeal to a traditional American hostility to England. But the blood of a common ancestry is thicker than the water of the ocean. It is the English tradition that has most radically moulded our civilization. It is England that gave us the great muniments of liberty.

ANTI-BOURBON KENTUCKY.

It has been long evident that the movement for the emancipation of the Southern States from the iron despotism known as "Bourbon Democracy" must come from the people of those States. Fortunately for them and for the country, there are signs of its coming. The iron hand has been defied and shattered in Virginia. There is a prospect of movement in Georgia. But the most hopeful sign is that in Kentucky.

When the war ended, Kentucky was under the control of the Union Democrats. But the "Bourbons" soon secured the ascendency, and have maintained it for seventeen years. The ostracism of Union Democrats has been complete, but there has been a rapidly growing impatience of reactionary control, which has fortunately now taken a powerful and organized form. At the late Bourbon Convention to nominate a Clerk of the Court of Appeals, a candidate was selected because he had been a Confederate officer, and after what appeared to be a corrupt bargain. Thereupon Colonel John H. McHenry, a well-known and popular Union Democrat, raised the standard of revolt. The State was evidently ripe, and the response was significant. A Union Democratic candidate has been nominated, a State Committee organized, and an admirable platform adopted.

Ex-Governor Richard T. Jacob was selected as the candidate against "the Bourbon," and his name has been received with enthusiasm. The platform "rings" with a tone of good sense which will be heartily echoed in every patriotic breast. The office is not political. The election will be a trial of strength between Bourbonism on one side and progress and intelligence upon the other. The united Democratic majority in Kentucky has been about 40,000. But there can be no doubt that the Republicans will vote for Governor Jacob, and that another effective blow will be struck for the cordial union of those who, whatever their party name, think alike concerning the republic. There has been nothing heard from Kentucky for many years so good as this platform:

"I. We declare it to be the duty of the people of Kentucky that they promptly call a Convention to harmonize the Constitution of Kentucky with that of the United States, and to conform it to the civilization of the age in which we live.

"II. The amendments to the Federal Constitution known as the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth are part of the supreme law of the nation, are irrevocable, and the highest duty demands that they have our cheerful support.

"III. 'Is he honest? Is he capable?' The old landmarks shall be restored, and there shall be no discriminations for or against Federal or Confederate, Union or secession, civil or military, for any office within the gift of the people.

"IV. We favor a liberal and just provision for the education of all the children of the State.

"V. We are unalterably opposed to the introduction of that relic of barbarism, the whipping-post.

"VI. Every possible encouragement should be given to immigration, that our brethren from other States and the intelligent and industrious foreigner may find homes with us, and may aid us in the development of our mineral and agricultural resources and mechanical industries.

"VII. We are in favor of wholesome legislative restriction upon all corporations and monopolies, dealing with them with absolute justice, but guarding safely at all times the higher and more important interests of the people.

"VIII. Finally, we ratify the nomination of Colonel R. T. Jacob, of Oldham County, as the representative of the principles here declared, and we cordially and respectfully ask the support and co-operation of all progressive independent Democrats, of all liberal-minded people of the State, by whatever political name they may be known, of all to whom these our principles are acceptable, and we now unfurl our banner, firm in the right, as God gives us to see the right, relying implicitly upon the justice of our cause and upon the correctness and purity of our motives."

EDITORS AS POSTMASTERS.

One of the earliest forms of the abuse of patronage was that of subsidizing the country press by appointing the editor to office. The natural consequence was that the weekly newspaper was always very friendly to the Administration. It was not the impartial editor, but the office-holder, who spoke. Attention was called to this evil more than forty years ago. But there is a recent illustration of it in a late letter from Ohio to the New York *Times*.

Speaking of the impression produced by the nomination of Mr. Conkling in the Congressional District which was so long represented by General Garfield, the correspondent says:

"Nine out of ten Republicans were hurt and indignant, and such expressions of favor as have been heard have come either from the politicians or from such newspapers as have political ends to serve. One Ohio editor has a Post-office, and approves the nomination; another has just had a brother-in-law appointed to a large Post-office, and he approves it; another has a son-in-law connected with an important legation, and an associate editor from his paper in a consulship, and he approves it. The only Republican newspaper in Garfield's Congressional District that has not denounced it is edited by a man engaged at present in Washington as clerk of a special committee."

It is in this way that patronage may be used to bribe even the press into betrayal of its chief function by a false expression of public opinion. When an editor is appointed to an office, it is inevitable that his comments upon the general conduct of the appointing power should cease to have any value in the community which knows his relation to it. It is another strong argument for a careful re-ordering of the whole system of such appointments.

THE CASE OF GENERAL CURTIS.

Mr. Thurlow Weed speaks of "a crusade against General Curtis," and asserts that he "can not be falsely accused or maliciously arraigned with impunity." If this is an imputation that the action of the Civil Service Reform Association is malicious, or inspired by any kind of personal hostility, Mr. Weed is utterly mistaken. And to speak of the enforcement of a salutary law as a "crusade" against its violator is certainly very comical.

The solicitation and receipt of money for "campaign" purposes by and from persons in the employment of the government having been shown by experience to be a great evil, Congress has forbidden the practice by statute, fixing a penalty for the offense. Representations were made to the Secretary of the Treasury, in which department General Curtis was employed, that he had violated the law. General Curtis answered that the law did not apply to his case. The Secretary did not undertake to settle this point, but the employment of General Curtis ceased; and as a violation of law was charged, the Secretary referred the papers and the testimony to the District Attorney, who laid the case before the Grand Jury.

There is nothing in all this but a proper legal enforcement of a righteous statute. Personal animosity toward General Curtis is impossible among those who have moved in this matter, because most of them have no acquaintance with him whatever. Obviously they have no sinister motive or ill-will. But the system of political assessments upon government clerks and employés, although defended by Mr. Weed, and practiced by both parties, is an outrage which should not be tolerated. So far as the law forbids it, every good citizen will gladly see the law enforced.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Dugrow, member of Congress from this city, is the youngest member of the "Haouse" (as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table calls it), he being only twenty-six. Mrs. Dugrow, who is also with him at the capital, is several years younger.

—Mr. Merrill E. Gates, who has just been chosen President of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, though only thirty-three years old, has had several offers during the past year from some of the largest colleges in the country. Rutgers College is nearly one hundred years old, and though never making itself boisterous among our colleges, has nevertheless maintained a dignified, scholarly, High-Dutchy position, and kept steadily on in the even tenor and barytone of its way.

—Congressman Cox likes to tell a joke, no matter how much at his own expense. Recently, at a lecture in Washington on the humor of the negro race, he said: "While in Georgia some time ago I happened to be passing along the street. 'Hullo, Sam!' said a particularly black colored man on the other side of the street. 'Hullo!' I promptly replied; whereupon the African aforesaid retorted, ''Cuse me, sah, I's 'dressin' another cullud man.'"

—Some spicy things may be expected from Mr. George Dolby, the agent, manager, and friend of Dickens during his last tour in America. He proposes to publish all the letters Dickens ever wrote him, some of which, about his audiences, are said to be very cutting and amusing.

—The death of Captain John Hampden Chamberlayne, of Richmond, Virginia, at the early age of forty-three, has carried sorrow to a very large circle of friends, both North and South. He was a man of brilliant talent, fine education, and in society noted for courtesy and consideration, winning all hearts by the charm of his manner and inbred kindness of heart. While yet a mere lad he entered the Confederate army, and served with distinction under General A. P. Hill. At the close of the war he chose journalism for his profession, and attained notable success. At the time of his death he was senior editor of the Richmond *State*.

—The Emperor of Brazil is not forgetful of the splendid hospitalities extended to him in Philadelphia by Mr. George W. Childs at the time of the Centennial Exhibition. The Hon. Thomas A. Osborn, United States Minister to Brazil, writes to a personal friend in Philadelphia, describing his presentation to the Emperor. He says: "I have thought you might not be uninterested in learning that the Emperor, in an informal conversation which followed the presentation of my letter of credence, inquired quite feelingly after Mr. George W. Childs, and manifested a deep concern in his welfare. The Emperor spoke of the hospitalities extended to him in Philadelphia, and was especially warm in his expressions touching Mr. Childs."

—Charles Hale, of Boston, who died a few days since at the age of fifty-one, was for many years conspicuous in the journalism and politics of Massachusetts. He was a son of Nathan Hale, founder of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, a brother of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and nephew of Edward Everett. In 1853 he became part proprietor of the *Advertiser*, and in 1855 assumed the chief editorship of that paper. Mr. Hale's connection with the *Advertiser* ceased in 1864, when he was appointed United States Consul to Egypt, which position he held nearly seven years. The most dramatic incident in his career there was his personal arrest, at Alexandria, of Surratt, one of the conspirators against President Lincoln's life, whom he caused to be sent to this country for trial.

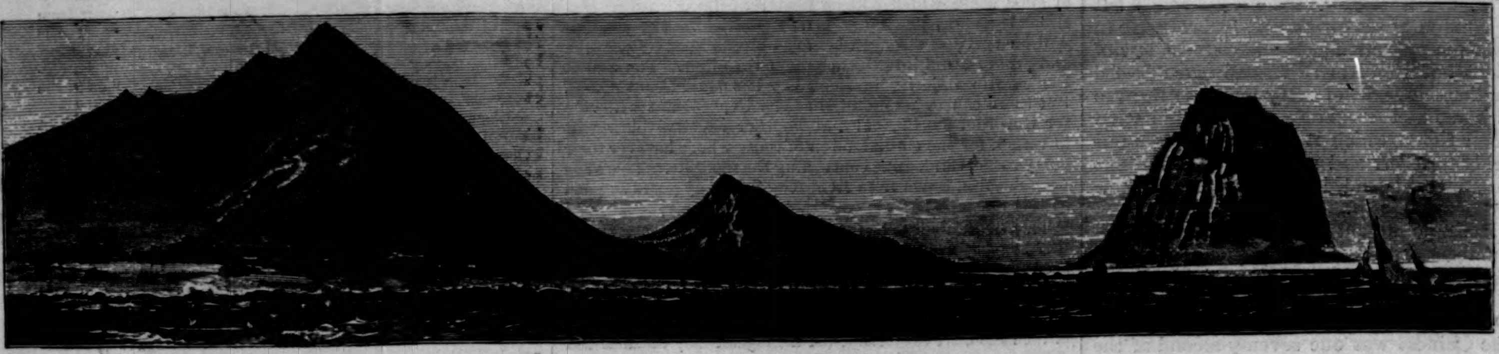
—The *Army and Navy Journal* announces the appointment of Lieutenant Charles Alfred Booth, First United States Infantry, as Assistant Commissary of Subsistence of the post of Fort Davis, Texas, in place of Lieutenant Flipper. Lieutenant Booth has a splendid record, and is one of the most popular officers in the army. In January, 1863, President Lincoln appointed him Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General of Volunteers. He served through the war in the Army of the Cumberland and in Texas, was breveted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant and meritorious services, and was mustered out February 10, 1866. In March, 1867, he was made Second Lieutenant of the First Infantry, and a year later was promoted to be First Lieutenant. From 1875 to 1881 he was Acting Signal Officer. He constructed the telegraph line on the North Carolina coast, and was superintendent of the military telegraph lines of California and Arizona and of Washington and Idaho Territories. The Lieutenant is a brother of Miss Mary L. Booth, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*.

—Certainly our lady readers will be interested to know something of two damsels who have heads of hair of unparalleled length and beauty. The first is Miss Ida Terry, of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, whose hair is said to trail for half a yard along the floor. But the Rochester *Express* claims that Miss Hattie A. Miller, of No. 174, North Street, in that city, surpasses Miss Terry. Miss Miller is five feet four inches in height, and in all respects prepossessing. She kindly consented to take down her hair in the presence of the newspaper man. It seemed to fairly encompass her as she stood erect, and allowed it to flow gracefully over her shoulders and along the floor. It has grown surprisingly even in length, and from the scalp to the end of the hair measures exactly six feet and six inches, thus allowing of a trail fourteen inches in length. Although such an abundant growth would naturally be supposed to give its wearer more or less inconvenience, yet Miss Miller states that she neither suffers headache from it nor is obliged to bestow unnecessary time in dressing it.

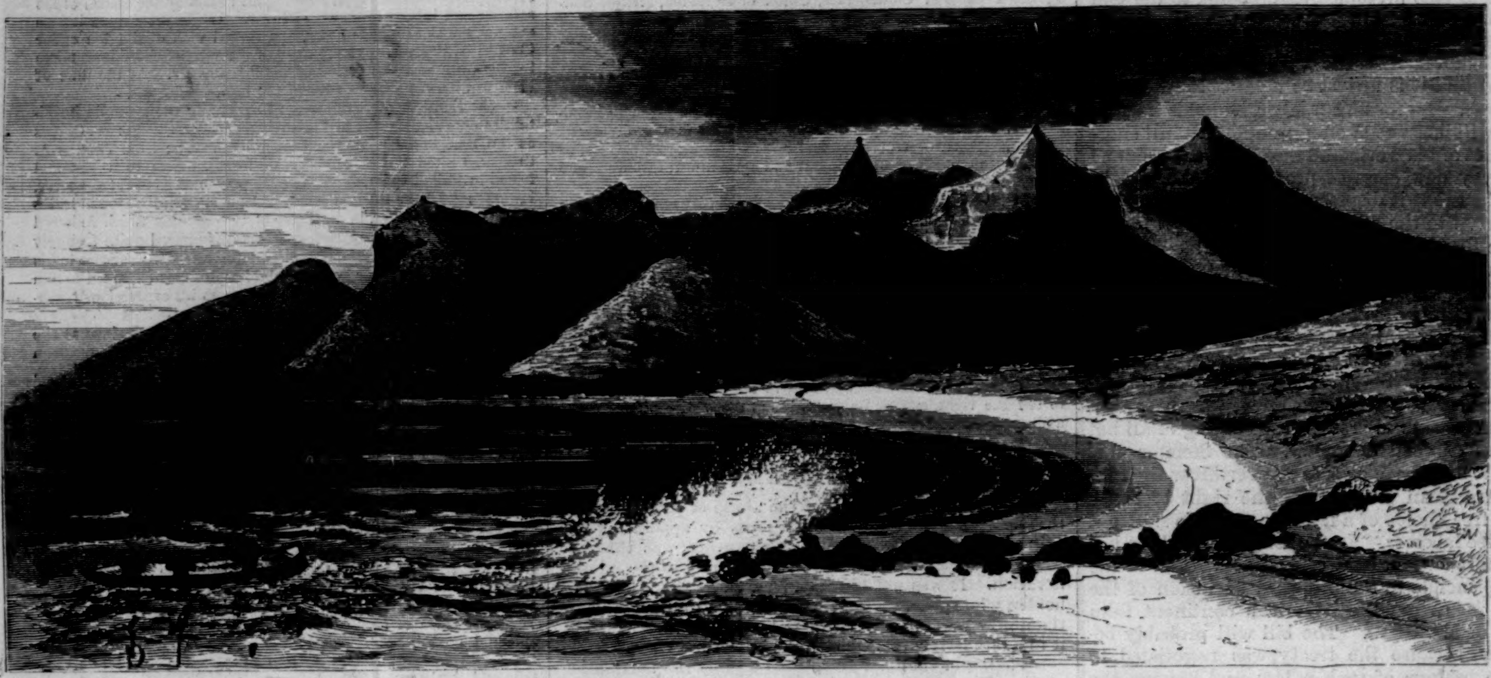
—Among the scholarly men in Congress S. S. Cox takes high rank, being not only well up in Latin and Greek, but having a good knowledge of French and other modern languages. Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, likes his Horace, and is apt at Latin quotation. Senator Lamar is a good classical and French scholar. Senators Pendleton, Bayard, Butler, Harrison, and Edmunds are good Latin scholars.

—General William B. Rochester, the new Paymaster-General of the Army, is the youngest man who has been appointed to that position. He comes of the best intellectual and social stock of Western New York. The city of Rochester was laid out in 1812 by, and named after, his grandfather, Nathaniel Rochester, and the family have since then been among its most prominent citizens. His father, William B. Rochester, was many years ago Vice-Chancellor, and came within very few votes of being elected Governor of the State. His uncle, Thomas H. Rochester, was formerly a leading banker of that city. About twenty years ago, after considerable service in Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s express company, of which he became a member, he was appointed to the Pay Department of the Army, and has enjoyed the highest confidence of the military authorities.

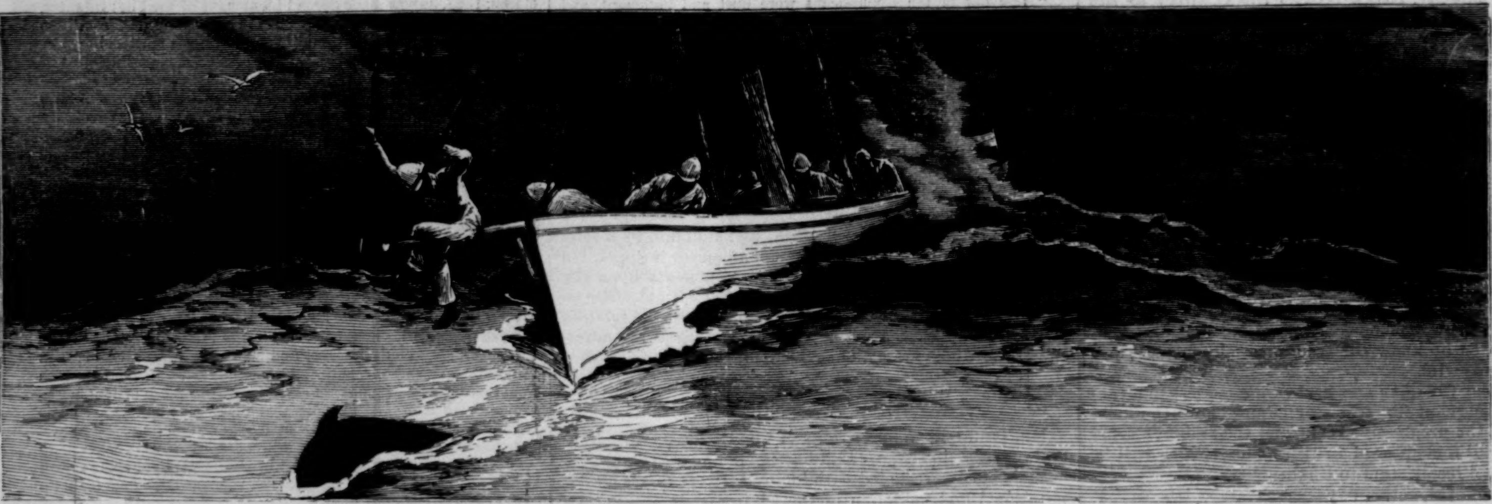
—Ex-Senator Milton S. Latham, of California, who died in this city on the 4th inst., at the age of fifty-five, had a public career which was without its parallel in the politics of this country. At the age of twenty-seven he was elected to Congress from California, and distinguished himself by a few speeches of great brilliancy. Two years later, President Pierce appointed him Collector of the Port of San Francisco. In 1859 he was elected Governor of California, and three days after his inauguration, in January, 1860, at the age of thirty-three, he was elected to the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the killing of Senator Broderick, and was said at the time to be the youngest man who had ever been a member of the Senate. With the close of his Senatorial term, his political life may be said to have terminated. He then became largely interested in banking and mining affairs. He was a man of scholarly tastes, and possessed one of the largest and finest private libraries in the United States, many of its volumes, in the costliest bindings, being expressly imported for him from London. In 1878 he came to New York to reside, became actively engaged in mining affairs, and was president of the Mining and Stock Exchange. He was a man of brilliant intellectual and social qualities, and most hospitable in his way of life.



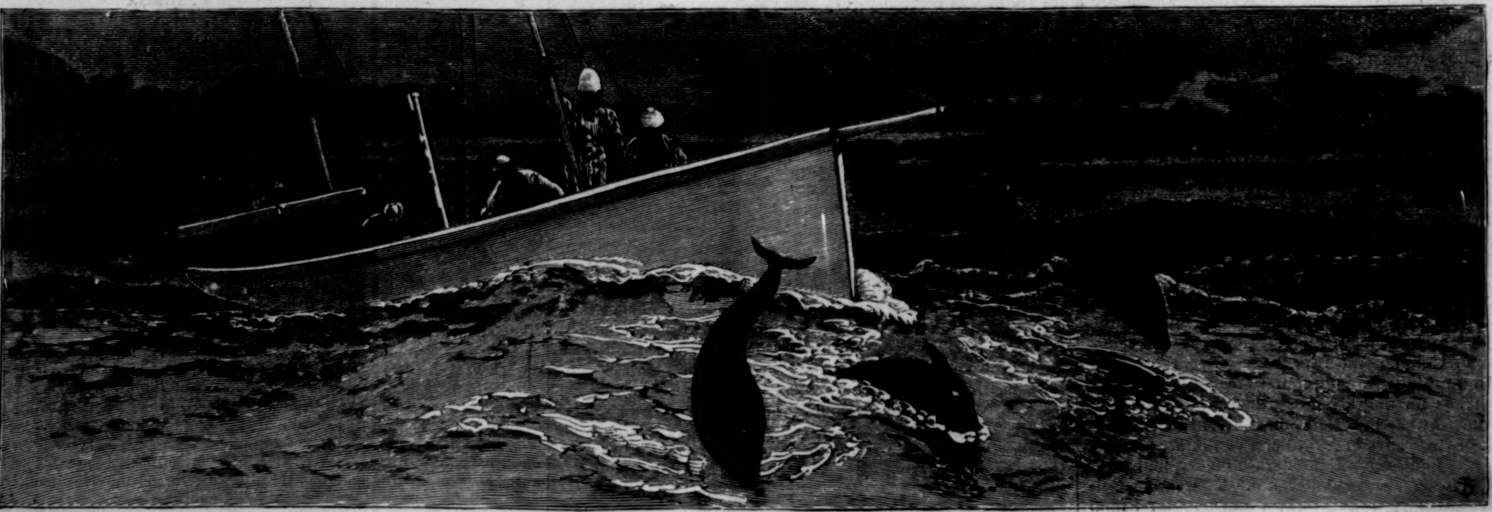
TAMARIND BAY.



THE MOUNTAINS AROUND PORT LOUIS.

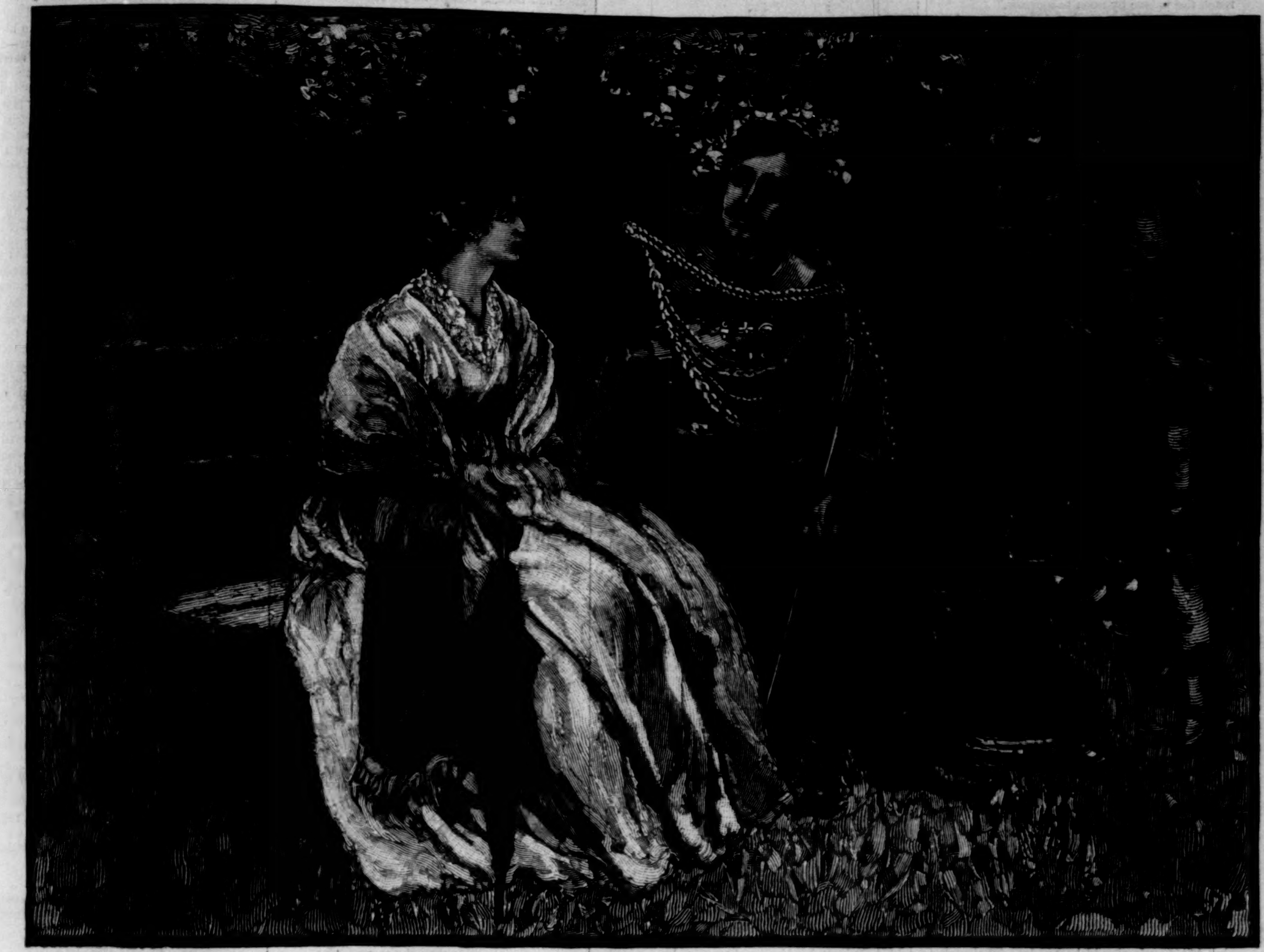


ATTEMPT TO HARPOON A PORPOISE—NO LUCK.



THE HARPOON LAID ASIDE.

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.—[See Page 174.]



"They sat down and chatted in an easy, friendly fashion."

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1313, Vol. XXVI.]

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

OR, FATED BY A JEST.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY."

X.

IT was late when the lovers returned, and a moon mellow and perfect as their own hopes lighted their homeward way. Arm in arm they traversed the mountain path, or side by side sat in the moon-lit stage-coach. Hildegarde said little. She was indeed too happy for speech, her lover's daring words having, as it seemed to her, demolished the outward wall of separation that had hitherto threatened to divide them. This ineffable, mildly illumined world was emblematic to the girl's quiet yet intense nature of the peace and tenderness flooding their hearts. The first early rapture had passed away. All with them was now brooding calm and content.

And when they alighted from the stage-coach and walked through the dreaming suburb, themselves, as it seemed, the only happy spirits disturbing the silvery solitude, the flower-scented stillness, neither had a word to say. Hildegarde's hand rested lightly on her lover's arm. He could see the placid brow and sweet collected smile under the brim of her straw hat. He wanted no more. Only when they had entered the little garden of his home, and paused for a moment to interchange a fond good-night, he reminded her of her promise.

"I have said it. I will be your wife," she whispered.

A moment more they lingered in the enchanted out-door world of mysterious light and luminous shadow, of cool, deep-breathing fragrance, and the thousand nameless indications of sleeping summer. It was as if they felt themselves under the spell of some great magician, conscious all the time that a step forward would break the charm. So indeed it was and must be at the close of each so foolishly happy day.

Dr. Edouard put his latch-key to the lock, and on tiptoe the pair passed into the silent house. It was almost midnight, and the hard-working little household they knew would be asleep, except perhaps for the ever-anxious mother. But as they went into the dining-room, where a tiny lamp gave feeble light, no one appeared.

"Every one seems to be in bed," Dr. Edouard said, laughingly. "It is a rule of our house that the hard worker shall never sit up for the holiday-maker. But whom have we here?"

"Poor Bartel has fallen asleep whilst waiting for us," Hildegarde said, carelessly, helping herself to some bread and butter at the supper table as she spoke. "Do not awake her, Edouard."

Dr. Edouard turned to her with much astonishment. "It is not our Bartel, but Hilda's Grettel," he said, looking discomfited. "What may her errand be? And see, the little note has evidently dropped from her hand on the floor."

He picked up the crumpled letter, and Hildegarde going quickly to his side, both read it together:

"DEAREST HILDEGARDE" (it ran, and had evidently been penned in desperate haste),—"The Hofrath came to fetch you yesterday. There was no help for it. I returned with him to the Schloss in your place. As yet I have seen no one else, so all may be made right, but set off at once. If you are not here in twenty-four hours, I shall be presented, perhaps be betrothed, to Prince Waldemar in your stead."

Hildegarde became speechless with dismay, nor did Dr. Edouard misinterpret the situation. Hilda's words must be taken at their full value. They meant no more nor less than they said. This matchless Hilda had come to the rescue with a vengeance, and was already at the Schloss.

"There is a postscript," he said, and coolly read the following:

"Come if you will, but stay away if you choose. You are free to give up your birthright and accept mine instead. Exchange is no robbery: why may we not all three be happily fated by a jest?"

"Oh!" were Hildegarde's first words, "should Hilda have done this? To what is she leading us?"

"Nay, we will suffer no one to lead us, but will be guided by our own judgment," was her lover's proud, collected answer. Then, in spite of the dire entanglement in which he found himself, he could not resist a smile. "Hilda is incredible."

For some moments he said no more, and the smile still lingered on his lips. The notion of the sparkling, audacious, incomparable Hilda playing the part of princess tickled his sense of humor. It seemed, indeed, on further reflection, that her daringness was leading them, as Hildegarde said—and to what?

"But she should not have done this, even for love of me," cried Hildegarde. "Do you not see how difficult it will be to set matters right?"

"I do see it indeed," Dr. Edouard said, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, although keenly alive to his position. "We must remember, however, that Hilda, being completely taken by surprise, could hardly have done otherwise. She had Frau Anna to think of."

"Hilda is generosity itself. But, Edouard, how can I do what she says, and be made happy by a lie? Oh, what can I do?"

Even with that tearful anguish-stricken face close to his own, Dr. Edouard held his peace now. He seemed bent on probing her constancy.

"It is not the dread of discovery that daunts me," she went on, with the tender insistence of timid yet rigidly upright natures. "I was too neglected and uncared for to be remembered at the Schloss. But it is the terror of doing wrong." Then she added, artlessly, "If, indeed, I stay here, as Hilda proposes, and become your wife as Frau Anna's granddaughter, who should I be? What should I be?"

This naïve, almost childish burst of feeling melted Dr. Edouard's resolve to keep silence till he had her answer. He would no longer leave the timid, tremulous thing alone in the thorny world of conflict. "What would you be?" he said, folding her to his breast. "One thing, I know right well, the honored wife of an honest man. But never that by virtue of a lie. Never, never!"

For a moment he held her in his arms, and though not a syllable more was whispered, both understood each other's unspoken thoughts. Hildegarde felt this proud, unruffled love to be a tower of strength; he realized the unswerving constancy of the timid being clinging to him.

"And now," he said, when this momentous understanding was over, "let us wake up Grettel, and see what light she can throw on the mystery, for mystery it yet remains."

The waking up of Grettel, however, was no easy matter. Again and again she gave sleepy signs of consciousness, and again and again lapsed into impenetrable slumber. The poor creature had, indeed, arrived five hours before, half dead with fatigue. Even consternation at finding Hildegarde absent could not keep her awake.

When at last she was fairly aroused, her dismay knew no bounds. "Already midnight; no chance of post-horses till dawn. The Schloss not to be reached under fourteen hours. Her errand miscarried! Oh, what would become of her? What *would* her young lady say?"

"Most probably nothing," retorted the young doctor, dryly. Hilda's covert wishes—he would not do her the injustice of calling them intentions—had flashed on him from the first, and underlying an instinctive feeling of resentment was an impulse of sympathetic humor. He could hardly be angry with the girl, although she had, from desiring to better herself, thus drolly placed him in an odious dilemma. "Whatever happens, no harm shall come to you, my good Grettel," he added; "and now dry your eyes, and tell us all that you have to say."

Grettel then, with many sobs and groans, explained matters. Hilda, being taken by surprise, had personated the princess in the first instance, and returned with the Hofrath to the Schloss. She further elucidated Hilda's letter by relating how her young mistress, under the plea of fatigue, could keep her bed till sufficient time should elapse for Hildegarde's arrival. Further, Grettel explained that the court was expected from the summer palace next day, and that—so the Hofrath said—in attendance on the Grand Duke was the Prince Waldemar, to whom Princess Hildegarde was to be immediately betrothed.

"Up hill and down hill I trotted in the heat of the sun," cried poor Grettel, amid sobs and sighs. "Up hill and down hill, for the rail only brought me half-way, and now it is too late, too late!"

"Too late to do anything but go on sleeping," replied the young doctor, with imperturbable calmness. "Go back to your arm-chair, my good Grettel, and slumber on, for if the very safety of your head depended on it, no messenger could reach the palace by noon to-morrow."

Turning to Hildegarde, he added, very carefully: "You too can do nothing so wise as to follow Grettel's example. You see there is absolutely nothing to be done till the morning. Hilda's fatigue must last, that is all;" and he smiled a little longer.

"If we could but gain time!" said Hildegarde.

"We must gain time," was the confident reply.

And thereupon the masterful young doctor put a bedroom candle in her hand, turned the key upon the still agitated Grettel, and betook himself to his study to ponder on the situation.

XI.

Beautiful butterfly imprisoned in dusky cocoon, the dreaming Hilda kept her silk-curtained bed. Summer breezes just stirred the green Venetians of the window, and wafted fragrance of freshly cut flowers from the adjoining room. In the dim light made by drawn hangings and closed shutters, her eyes could yet discern various objects indicating the new world into which she was transported. Tapestries, as it seemed to her enlarging gaze, of extraordinary richness, antique furniture, as she imagined, of rare artistic value, besides countless elegant trifles that appealed warmly to her fastidious taste. There were gold-stoppered perfume bottles on the dressing-table, silver candelabra on the mantel-piece, and by her side, on an exquisite little table of inlaid marble, a tray in chased silver, bearing a cup and saucer of finest Dresden ware. The sight of so many domestic *chefs-d'œuvre* filled Hilda with longing rapture, still more so the glimpse of certain almost bridal-like garments laid out in the tiring chamber. The beauty and costliness of these delicate summer garments and assorted adjuncts, the lace ruffles, the gloves, the little embroidered slippers, were all exaggerated in her admiring eyes, yet nevertheless need have shamed no royal maiden, much less the Cinderella of one of the poorest and most insignificant ducal families in all Germany. It was evidently intended that the return of the hitherto neglected Hildegarde should be *fêted*—at least that she should be treated as a daughter of the house.

Whilst Hilda's fascinated gaze wandered from one of these fairy objects to another, she could not resist from time to time watching the airy little clock on the mantel-piece with feverish impatience. The clock was evidently the work of a French artist: what other knows how to play with the march of time, and render it graceful to us? Hilda, however, hardly marked its consummate workmanship, so absorbed was she in one thought—"Would Hildegarde return at noon? would Hildegarde let her stay?" She had accurately studied the time-tables of railway and stage-coach, and she knew that if Hildegarde set out immediately after Grettel's arrival, she must catch the train reaching the capital by mid-day.

If, however, by reason of some unavoidable delay, Hildegarde should be too late for the stage-coach setting out at night-fall, she would yet, by taking post-horses, have ample time to meet this train.

Lastly, Hilda reasoned, supposing, on account of some hinderance or other, she missed the mid-day train, and could only reach the Schloss by that arriving at night, she would, of course, telegraph without delay.

Hildegarde's non-arrival, therefore, by twelve of the clock, and absolute silence, could only be interpreted one way: she would have decided to let Hilda stay in her place!

"After all," soliloquized this nineteen-year-old philosopher, "why might not this be? I am surely fitted to fill the position Hildegarde regards with abhorrence. She would make an admirable country physician's wife. None would be the wiser. No possible harm could accrue to any living soul by such an exchange, and of course, in due time, it should be disclosed to the only person whom it can concern, namely, this Prince Waldemar. Very probably he would have in me a wife much more to his taste than his shy little cousin. As for myself," reasoned the young lady, coolly, yet not in the least degree flippantly, "I have no romantic school-girl notions about love. My conviction is that love has little to do with happiness in married life, and that happy marriages will only be the rule when men and women choose each other for intellectual fitness instead of sentimental fancy."

Hilda could not resist seeing the humorous side of her position, and more than once a ripple of gently suppressed laughter might be heard from under that soft canopy. A princess one moment, perhaps to be degraded into a waiting-woman the next. A serene highness to-day, a village maiden to-morrow. What a sport of fortune was she! The thought that really dismayed her was the possibility of a mischievous vacillation on Hildegarde's part. Suppose some inherited though hitherto dormant pride of birth should assert itself at the last moment, and she should come forth to claim her birthright too late—too late to avoid an unexampled, an ineffaceable, a hateful *esclandre!* For the most part, however, the waking dreams of this would-be princess were roseate as the silken hangings of her bed. The strong, loyal attachment of the lovers would surely prevail, and she would be left to the enjoyment of her princessship in peace. Thus she mused as the quiet hours of the golden morn wore on, till a sound from the Dom Tower caused her to start up trembling with excitement. It was indeed twelve of the clock!

Hilda paused for a moment, flushed rosy red, then shaking down her long fair hair, she leaned forward, and daintily put one lovely blue-veined little foot on the crimson floss rug. With one white foot thus planted on the floor she paused for a moment as if in hesitation—but for a moment only.

The next her little silver hand-bell tinkled for the tire-woman—the dreaming figure of the coral pink draperies was the Princess Hildegarde.

XII.

If the events of the past twenty-four hours had seemed like a vision to the bewildered yet ever circumspect Hilda, how much more dream-like were those of the next! Yet everything was as real as could be—the stiff family dinner, the ofttimes incoherent garrulousness of the blind old Duke, the would-be affability of the Duchess, the honest, soldier-like utterances of Prince Waldemar.

And now, next morning, exquisitely dressed in unadorned girlish white, and perfectly composed, she was awaiting an interview with her kind old friend the Hofrath. The various parts, indeed, she was called to play delighted the imitative Hilda beyond measure. Last night—how could she help knowing it?—she had created a very favorable impression by acting the *rôle* of a half-timid yet clever *ingénue;* but in private interviews with the Hofrath she could venture on being her own fearless, sprightly self.

"Ah!" cried the Hofrath, rubbing his hands pleasantly as he found her in her pretty boudoir, looking quite at home—"ah! you never occupied these rooms before, but you become them well; and now, my dear young lady, I have something to say to you."

He glanced round, closed the outer door, and sitting down by her side with the ease of an old and privileged servant of the house, began: "You know the fatherly interest, as I may venture to call it, that I have ever taken in all the princes of the ducal family from their childhood upward, and the confidence that has been put in me for thirty years and more by my august master and mistress. You will not therefore blame me if I broach very delicate topics to you."

What need Hilda do but smile in her sweetest manner?

The old man went on: "It is, then, of Prince Waldemar I have to speak. You are destined, as you know, for each other; and indeed it was for the express purpose of hurrying on the betrothal, and, I may say, marriage, that you were so suddenly summoned from your country retreat. Unexpected things have happened to make this desirable. In fact"—here he dropped his voice almost to a whisper—"in fact, the Duchess's only son—the Grand Duke's grandson, you know—"

"My cousin Moritz," said Hilda, with all the aplomb in the world.

"Exactly! The delicate little lad, born when you were learning your catechism. Well, he has always been in poor health, and is now in the Mediterranean on account of a delicate chest. The physicians declare him to be hopelessly consumptive. You perhaps can see the bearing of these facts?"

"Perfectly," was Hilda's ready reply. She had studied the pedigree of her adopted family. "If the Duchess should have the misfortune to lose him, Prince Waldemar becomes heir to the duchy."

"Admirable discrimination!" rejoined the Hofrath. "That is, indeed, the situation, and you will easily see the desirability of settling the prince's domestic affairs; in fact, finding him a princess fitted to share the exalted position to which he will in all probability, and ere long, be called; and although into these particulars I need not now go, there were especial reasons why the princess chosen for him should be one of his own family—interests of state, interests of property, interests of dynasty, all pointed this way. But pray give me credit for my perspicacity, princess! In the dilemma I was the first person who thought of *you.*"

"I shall ever owe you a debt of gratitude, though what part I can shall be paid," Hilda replied, with engaging insinuation.

"Generosity itself! I knew that in the little Princess Hildegarde of former days I should find a friend and an advocate beside my future sovereign. Ah! this is a selfish world, and there are already, I know right well, clamorers for the place I have filled honestly for the best part of my life. But," he said, wiping away a tear, and bending low over her outstretched hand, "it would be indiscreet in me to prolong this interview any longer, and I see the Grand Duke is already on the terrace taking his airing, with the prince by his side. They wished me to conduct you to them. There is, however, one word I have to say."

Here he looked round cautiously, assured himself that there was no one in the anteroom, and added: "The Duchess is particularly anxious that no reflection should be made on your long absence, necessitated, as was thought, by your delicate health, and also by unfortunate family complications. You are doubtless aware that the marriage of your august mother, the Princess Hilda, was contracted without the due consent and formal ratification of the Grand Duke. It was indeed a *mésalliance*, which, but for other circumstances in your favor, might have cost you your position as a daughter of this house, and which of itself was sufficient to account for the temporary seclusion imposed on you. But no more; I see that I am understood."

Hilda bowed acquiescingly, and the pair descended to the garden, a maid following with her work-basket and a light shawl.

"You may like to spend an hour afterward in the summer-house," said the Hofrath, "but for the present the terrace is shaded from the sun."

During the first quarter of an hour the trio paced beside the Duke's Sedan-chair, hardly more animated than the bent, decrepit figure within. At last the Duke nodded, fairly in a drowse, and the Hofrath, looking at his companions significantly, entered into conversation with the attendant; the prince and Hilda fell back, with lips unsealed.

She knew well enough what the fine soldierly man had to say, or at least of one thought uppermost in his mind. Brief although her acquaintance had been, it needed no perception acute as her own to note the electric effect of her presence on one more accustomed to camps and battle-fields than to drawing-rooms and ladies' battle-fields. This young yet already weather-beaten hero, with the frank blue eyes and boyish blush, was indeed at first sight, and quite naturally, in love. Less had Hilda's outward grace taken him captive than her sparkling humor, her fine yet ingenuous tact, her candid but engaging speech. To him the tall slender girl, with her commanding presence and royal looks, was fit to be a queen; but it was her wit and her sprightliness that enslaved, not her happy gift of beauty; and he felt almost humbled by his sense of inferiority to her, the very first words spoken to her intimately giving the key-note to his thoughts.

"I am a soldier," he began.

"And one who has adorned his profession," replied Hilda, her bright eye fascinated to the stars on his breast.

Again a manly blush overspread the prince's face, and he answered, with a modest dignity, "Ah! my cousin, could you see with your mind's eye the horrors amid which these baubles were earned, and could you realize the kind of heroism they have rewarded, you would turn from them and from me with repugnance."

"You are, then, well pleased to give up a soldier's career?"

Hilda's sympathetic attitude was not feigned. Truth to tell, nothing could have more touched her in an adorer than shyness and subservience of this manly kind. His simple kindliness of manner, moreover, won her heart. He seemed so longing for some one's kindness, for some one on whom to lavish his own.

"What should I be, indeed, if I were otherwise than well content?" he said; adding, with a smile, "though I did not feel at all sure but that worse things might be in store for me."

Hilda laughed merrily.

"I am such a monster, then?" she asked.

"How could I tell?"

He glanced round, dropped his voice a note lower, and went on, with the utmost frankness: "You know, of course, my position here, how entirely I am beholden to my great-uncle for everything. We are both waifs and strays;" he looked at her with yearning friendliness as he said this; "I was bound to accept without a murmur the bride of the Grand Duke's choosing, just as you were bound to accept the bridegroom. We two had not a word to say in the matter. Did you not also dread this meeting?"

A blush came to Hilda's relief. She made that do duty for a reply.

"I confess to you," he continued, "that I never looked forward to an encounter with the enemy more dismally. I had no means of knowing what you were like. I was obliged to pay court to you, to marry you, even although we should detest each other. What an awful position!—worse perhaps for the man than the woman."

He again perused her with wistful admiring fondness, and added, "And then, after all my doubts and misgivings, to find *you!*"

Few and simple although these words, they told her with searching eloquence the power she had already gained over him. No praise of her beauty, no appreciation of her wit, could have borne profounder meaning. Whilst Hilda fully comprehended this, and was longing to show kindness to her unconfident lover, she felt conscious for the first time in her life of being at a disadvantage. These shy, hesitating expressions of feeling unnerved, even abashed her, and she dreaded lest more should come.

One other short lover-like speech he did indeed make, but only with a great effort.

"Do you feel no misgivings now?" he asked.

Hilda fancied that a tear glistened in his eye as he spoke, and certainly his voice trembled.

"I will answer that question another time. Let us talk of yourself. Tell me of your former life," she made reply. "I should like to hear of all that you have done, and of the different countries you have seen."

"Shall we take this path?" he asked; "it winds down to a little basin of water in which I used to swim my boat as a child. Do you not remember it?"

Such natural yet disturbing questions were the only drawbacks to Hilda's tranquil enjoyment. She was no coquette, but the naïve adoration of this brave young soldier fascinated her, and when thus suddenly recalled to a sense of her perilous position, she could but feel aghast. "Was she indeed playing a reckless game with her honest lover? Was she in a dream that might be snapped the next moment?" She dared not face such possibilities.

"No, I do not remember it," she said, simply.

"Ah, I forget that you were not much here in those early days. We should have been playmates. It was cruel to send you away."

They strolled down the smooth gravel-walk leading to an artificial glen, in the midst of which shone the crystal waters of a mimic lake. The spot was charming, and still having the terrace and Sedan-chair in sight, they sat down and chatted in easy, friendly fashion.

"Have you heard what has happened, or rather what may happen?" he asked, growing more and more confidential to this sweet new friend.

Hilda glanced at the distant figure of the Hofrath significantly.

"Yes," he went on, "of course the Hofrath would tell you why you and I have on a sudden become grand personages! This poor boy's illness has checkmated my aunt, the Duchess, who had no great liking either for you or me. But she can not help herself; and although I heartily hope the lad may live and recover his health, I will not be a hypocrite and say I despise good fortune," he added, "having you to share it with me."

Then, emboldened by the sense of new happiness, he continued, in freer, more confident strains.

"Had I never been a soldier, never known the horrors of war, I should have desired nothing so much as a retired country life. But, Hildegarde, if I am ever master here, if I am able to hinder so much as one unrighteous, inglorious war—are not all wars indeed so?—I would hold no sacrifice of quiet and repose too great. The horrors, the cruelties, I have seen, and even taken part in! The unmanliness that a thirst for military glory puts into us! These baubles you admired just now," and as he spoke he pointed to the decorations on his breast, "were it possible, I would trample them under-foot, for are not one and all such symbols red with human blood?"

For a moment he allowed one hand to rest on hers, and added, with deep feeling: "No, Hildegarde; such are not the things that cheer the soldier in the midst of carnage, that help him to do his ghastly work, and fill him with joy if he survives a victory. It is the thought of sweetheart, wife, children, that makes men heroes. For are we not men before we become patriots, human beings before we are French, Germans, English? And in the midst of the battle-field, in the horrid *mêlée*, when I have dealt some gallant fellow his death-blow—Heaven forgive me!—I have cursed my calling, and almost my sovereign, for the misery thus brought by my unwilling hands on some fond woman at home. But let us not speak of it. Let us be happy and dream of peace together."

Just then, whilst that fine glow lingered on the soldier's face, and Hilda's was raised admiringly, they heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel-path. Looking up, they perceived the Hofrath coming toward them with a card in his hand.

"I much regret being under the necessity of disturbing you," he said, bowing to both; "but the bearer of this card insists on demanding an interview. He says Prince Waldemar will remember his name well."

The prince rose, and read aloud,

DR. EDOUARD JAGER, JUNIOR.

"Remember him!" cried Prince Waldemar, bending to the consternated Hilda; "I should say so, indeed! He saved my life, and that of many of my brave fellows, when acting as ambulance surgeon five years ago! Excuse me, my cousin."

And with that he followed the Hofrath in-doors. Hilda, concealing her agitation, betook herself to her room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF,"
"WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED,"
"WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

"How glad I am to see you, Herbert!" cried Miss Darrell, holding out both her hands.

He took them cordially; but, even while acknowledging her welcome, stole a look at her companion, as if to inquire whether she too derived pleasure from his visit.

"Nannie is a born conspirator," laughed Clare; "but you are not made for plots and strategies, Herbert. Don't you think it very hard that she should never have told me you were coming to town, and thereby debarred me from all the pleasures of anticipation?"

"I think it very hard," assented the young man, eagerly.

"Oh yes; unfeeling, indeed quite brutal!" exclaimed Miss Darrell, highly delighted.

"I don't approve of you two having secrets together apart from me," continued Clare; "and I know it is Nannie's fault."

"Certainly it is her fault, Clare. As for me, I abhor duplicity; besides, I have nothing to hide."

"What a villain!" cried the old lady, in an ecstasy. "How dare you?"

"Ah, Herbert is in your power, is he?" continued Clare. "Look how he changes color! Tell me something about him, that he may also be in mine. Is it something he has omitted to patent, and of which you know the secret?"

"Yes, that's it," replied Miss Darrell. "Dear me, how quick you are!"

"Don't talk of patents," said Herbert, smiling; "it's a sore subject."

"Yes. Nannie has told me about the diving business coming to nothing," said Clare, sorrowfully. "She tells me all the melancholy things."

"What cruelty!" exclaimed Herbert.

"Go on; go on, you two!" observed Miss Darrell, resignedly. "In my own house you can say what you like."

"And what a pleasant house it is!" said Herbert. "It has a much better lookout than my rooms at the Terminus."

"At the Terminus!" exclaimed Clare.

"What! Has she not told you that I have been made assistant engineer in London?"

"I thought you would like to bring your good news yourself," said Miss Darrell, looking a little disconcerted. "You have all the day to tell us it in, I hope?"

"I am afraid not. I only just looked in, on my way to the Patent-office, to see how you both were."

"But you are coming to dinner, sir? You promised to do that, and of course we shall be quite alone."

"You forget the young engineer, Nannie, you expected. Oh, I see—that was Herbert himself."

"Yes. I am sorry if I have disappointed you, my dear. Perhaps you would have preferred a new engineer?"

"No; I greatly prefer old friends."

Miss Darrell bit her lip. This last reply was not to her taste.

"Indeed, I hope to come to dinner," said Herbert. "It is so pleasant to be near you."

"I am afraid, if I were in your place, I should think nothing pleasant," said Clare, "after such a disappointment as you have suffered."

"But, then, remember I have got my new post," said Herbert.

"Near us?" put in Miss Darrell.

"How conceited you are, Nannie! Do you suppose *that* can console him? Think of all those submarine experiments going for nothing!"

"To be anticipated in scientific matters is the fortune of war," observed Herbert; "and, talking of war, I have a new idea—indeed, I have had it for many months—which, if it turns out well, will put an end to war altogether. My last venture was with water; this is with fire."

"It is better to be under fire than under water," observed Miss Darrell, epigrammatically. "I would rather be a soldier than a sailor."

"Did you ever know anything like Nannie?" ejaculated Clare. "She is incapable of being serious."

"I have noticed that little drawback in Miss Darrell's character myself," assented the young man, gravely.

The old lady threw up her hands, as though she would have said, "Has Heaven no lightnings?" but, as a matter of fact, she was charmed to see these two young people making common cause against her.

"But about the new invention?" continued Clare.

"Well, it's rather a long story; but I believe I shall be able to poison the atmosphere for about ten miles round."

"What a philanthropic scheme!" exclaimed the old lady; whose attention, it is fair to say, was somewhat diverted by the Persian cat, which had jumped on Herbert's knee—an attention, she was delighted to observe, which was received with favor.

"Oh, Herbert! Poison the atmosphere?" cried Clare. "How shocking!"

"You are both right," said the young man, quietly. "The idea is shocking, but the result will be beneficial to the human race. No nation, when inclined to be uncivil, will be able to approach another nation. I've thought it out all round, and it can be *done*. What's the matter, Clare?"

"I am only a girl. I don't go into things as you do, Herbert," she answered, earnestly, "but all the thought in the world would never reconcile me to such a scheme as that."

"But if it succeeded?"

"Even if it succeeded, and filled your hands with gold, I should still prefer to think of you, Herbert, as you were before you made fame and fortune that way."

"By success, Clare, I meant success in its object," said the young man, gently. "Suppose it put an end to war?"

"That would make no difference. To my mind the end would never justify such means as that."

"But you may say the same of any scheme for human destruction, from the burning mirrors of Archimedes downward."

"The burning mirrors, however, never burned anybody," put in Miss Darrell, who was of opinion that the argument had gone far enough.

"Pardon me; I am not so sure of that," said Herbert, whose hobby was fairly on its legs. "In comparatively modern times the same thing has been attempted, and with such success as makes the old story credible. Parker, the glass manufacturer, produced a burning-glass with a diameter of three feet, which melted platina and flintstone in a few seconds, and in half an hour made a diamond blossom like a flower; while as for wood, of which, of course, the Roman ships must have been made, it kindled it, in a clear sky, at a distance of three hundred feet."

"And where is this wonderful mirror now?"

"Well, the public subscription that was set on foot to buy it failed, and Parker sold it to Lord Macartney, who took it to China with him to astonish the natives; and there it is now—probably in fragments."

"How like us English!" exclaimed Miss Darrell. "Why didn't the Government buy it? But no reward of science or genius ever does come from that source."

"Nay, there you are unjust," said Herbert, "or rather you share a popular error. Mr. Earnshaw got three thousand pounds for his chronometer for finding the longitude, and Mr. Harrison no less than thirty thousand."

"I had thought there was as little reward as romance in such things," observed Miss Darrell.

"Romance! Indeed, I think science is full of romance; and quite as much so in these modern times as it was in the days of Pythagoras, who attributed earthquakes to a synod of ghosts assembled underground. It is only persons who have no real poetry in their composition who suppose romance to be dying out, like the gentleman who complained that all the splendid distinctions of mankind were thrown down by the invention of gunpowder, whereby the knight clad in steel was placed on a level with the shepherd. However, I suppose Clare will agree with Don Quixote, who expresses his belief that the inventor of artillery is now in the infernal regions."

"Nay, I don't say that," said Clare, softly; "and perhaps with respect to the other matter—your new invention—I have said more than I should have said. I spoke from feeling rather than from reflection."

"The instinct of some folks is better than the reason of others," returned Herbert, thoughtfully. "I am far from saying that your view is not worthy of consideration."

Clare flushed to her very forehead. It was certainly a gratification to hear that Herbert should have so spoken. Upon the subjects he had made his own he held, she knew, decisive opinions. He rarely spoke of the studies that interested him, because he felt that they did not interest other people; but on the present occasion he had been involuntarily led on to talk a little about them, and had certainly impressed his audience. "How much," it struck both the women, "must this young man know, and how modest he is withal in concealing his knowledge!" Peace has its victories as well as war, and it is not only the narratives of our Othellos which attract the female ear.

"And must you really go to the Patent-office this morning?" observed Miss Darrell. "Think how long it is since we saw you, Herbert; how much we have to talk about."

"That's true," said Herbert, gravely. "Clare is looking very thoughtful; do you think she objects, among other things, to patents?"

"Very likely. Perhaps her instinct, which, as you say, is better than other people's reason, is against patents."

"Herbert never said anything so foolish," remonstrated Clare. "He said '*some*' people's instincts were better. How ridiculous you are, Nannie!"

"Well, 'some people' have a great objection to patents," remarked Herbert. "They say invention should be as free as the air we breathe."

"Yes; and that's all they would give an inventor to live upon," observed Miss Darrell.

"Quite true; on the other hand, there is something in their objection," continued Herbert, thoughtfully. "The question is, has one a right to keep any secret—or to put any obstruction in the way of its being known—the knowledge of which is of use to the human race? Tartaglia discovered a method of solving cubic equations, which he only revealed to Cardan upon the most solemn promises of secrecy; and Cardan published it. What do you think of that, Clare, as a question of morals?"

"In my poor opinion Cardan behaved badly, but Tartaglia himself behaved much worse. That is, if the solution of cubic equations tends to the happiness of the human race. Indeed, if the happiness of only a single individual is concerned in its revelation, the keeping of any secret seems to me an act of cruelty."

"You really think that, do you?" said Herbert. His chin was in his hand and his eyes upon the floor, as his manner was when deep in thought.

Miss Darrell watched him, with a face hardly less grave. She was thinking of a certain secret between him and her. Herbert was thinking of nothing of the kind. The circumstance of his having deprived himself of fortune for the benefit of another was one that never recurred to his recollection. The result of it had been satisfactory, and so far agreeable to him, but he only looked upon it as on some fortunate investment. It had repaid him, and that was enough.

"By-the-bye," said Clare, "I have to thank you, Herbert, for what, perhaps, you meant to be a secret from me—though, I am sure, for some kind reason—the having reserved certain articles from the sale at Oak Lodge."

"To be sure, yes," interrupted Herbert, awakening himself, as it seemed, with an effort, from some monopolizing reflection. "There is a crate full of things that ought to be on their way here already. I thought Mr. Oldcastle would have written to you about it. The sale went off exceedingly well, he thinks. It was a sad sight to see, of course, but I believe many of your friends bought things out of regard for 'auld lang syne' as much as because they wanted them."

"Was—was Sir Peter there?" inquired Clare, looking straight before her.

"No; no one from the Hall," he answered, replying to her thought rather than to her words. "The fact is, you will be sorry to hear—for I know that in spite of all that has happened you *will* be sorry—Sir Peter is not in a position to be buying things. If rumor is to be believed, the firm is said to be in difficulties."

"The firm! What! Fibbert & Lyster?" exclaimed Miss Darrell. "To me that seems like saying the Bank of England is not solvent."

"It sounds the same to a good many other people," returned Herbert, gravely. "The excitement in Stokeville is beyond description."

"Good heavens! How did it come about?"

"Well, there are all sorts of stories." He glanced at Miss Darrell, as much as to say "Do not press this." Clare observed nothing; her eyes, with tears in them, were staring at the fire-place, in which stood a pretty screen, the hostess's own handiwork, in sign that the winter was passed. "The catastrophe is thought to have been brought about by overtrading. There are enormous liabilities. I am afraid it is nothing short of a catastrophe."

"Then, after all, it is better that your—I mean Clare's money should have been withdrawn from the business?"

Herbert nodded, with shut lips.

"Poor Mildred!" sighed Clare.

"Yes, she is not a young lady formed to shine in adversity," observed Miss Darrell.

"Hush, hush! for shame, Nannie!" said Clare, in reproof of the other's tone rather than of her words. "Think of what my case might have been, and of what you yourself were saying of it an hour ago. Do you really think that the firm is ruined, Herbert?"

"Indeed, I am afraid so. People have had their suspicions of something wrong for some time. The mill, indeed, has not stopped working, but I expect to hear of it by the next post. Mr. Oldcastle promised to write last night. There may be a letter even now at my lodgings." Miss Darrell was nodding at him as though she would nod her head off. "I'll just step round, and then come back again."

"Do, Herbert; we shall be very anxious to hear your news."

He did not need the speaker's significant glance at Clare to tell him who would be the most anxious.

He rose quickly, and, accompanied by his hostess, left the room. Then the pent-up tears began to fall down Clare's pale cheeks. She had been infamously used, but all her ill-usage was forgotten now. It was no thanks to Sir Peter and his people that she had not been reduced—and, as she believed, fraudulently reduced—to penury; but it was not of her possible misfortune she was thinking, but of their real one. "Poor Mildred! what a wretched fate is yours!" she murmured. A knowledge of the weakness of the girl's character, and even its duplicity, only swelled her pity for her. With her artificial views, and love of wealth and show for their own sake, how would she ever bear such a reverse of fortune? And then, but under her breath, as though she dared not breathe his name even to herself, she added, "Poor Percy!"

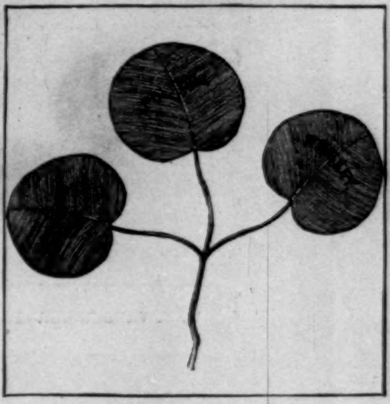
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A LADY stopped the other day on one of the principal avenues of trade to look more closely at a handsome seal-skin sacque that was displayed in the front of a store. The price was on a conspicuous placard—$490. She looked admiringly at the garment for a few minutes, and then, gathering a fur-lined circular more closely about her, started up the street.

"Hi, there, missus!" yelled a small, ragged, and thoroughly typical New York boot-black; "come back 'n' I'll buy it fur ye."

Glimpses of a lamentable phase of life in New York city have been afforded by the trial which has just ended in the sentencing of young McGloin to the gallows. He is nineteen years old. With companions of nearly the same age, he went in the night to plunder the wine-shop of the old Frenchman, Hanier. They found no money, and went away. In a spirit of daring they went back after some cigars. The proprietor of the store heard them, and started to descend from the floor above; McGloin drew a revolver and shot him dead. Afterward, speaking of that night's work, the nineteen-year-old murderer said to a companion, "You ain't tough now, you know, till you've laid your man," meaning that the youth who would be greatly admired by those of his class must commit murder. Later, when a policeman entered a bar-room and posted near McGloin's head a placard offering a reward for the arrest of Hanier's murderer—a detective meanwhile watching the youth's face for any sign of uneasiness—the young murderer was apparently unconcerned, and after the policeman had gone he enjoyed the complimentary remarks of his admiring companions concerning his "nerve." On the day of his conviction, when he was taken back from the court-room to the City Prison, it was shown that there were young women of his class who had made him their hero; and as he passed them on his way to the cell, he rewarded their admiring interest in him by taking two gaudy handkerchiefs from his pockets, and giving them to two favored ones as mementos. These incidents afford the barest glimpses into the life led by one class of the population of New York, yet they are significant enough to give importance to the question whether this class is not growing rapidly—whether, indeed, it has not already reached alarming proportions. There is a homicide in New York almost every day, and in the great majority of cases the slayer is a young man of McGloin's class, though few who come to trial betray characteristics so typical of that class.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

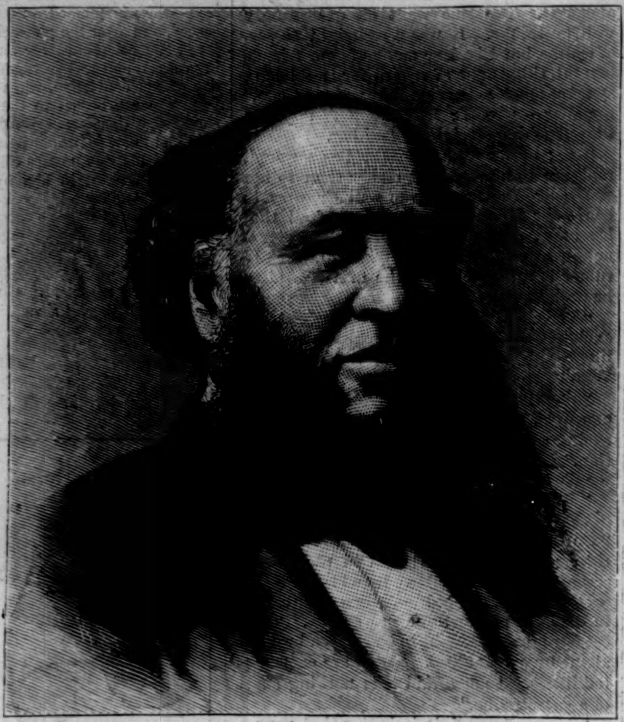
It is getting so that when two American-looking men meet on the route from the United States to Chili, each extends his hand, and exclaims, cordially, "How are you, ambassador?" taking it for granted that the other is the United States Minister to that country, or has been within a brief period.

They have a way of making and breaking dead-locks in the island of Jamaica which, regarded as merely a time-saving device, is vastly superior to the caucus. The question before the Legislative Council was whether the public Treasury should stand the legal expenses resulting from an inexcusable official blunder. There were six votes in favor of taking the money from the Treasury and seven against it. Sir Anthony Musgrave voted with the minority, and there was a dead-lock. Then he gave a "casting" vote on the same side to break the tie, and victory perched on the banners of the minority.

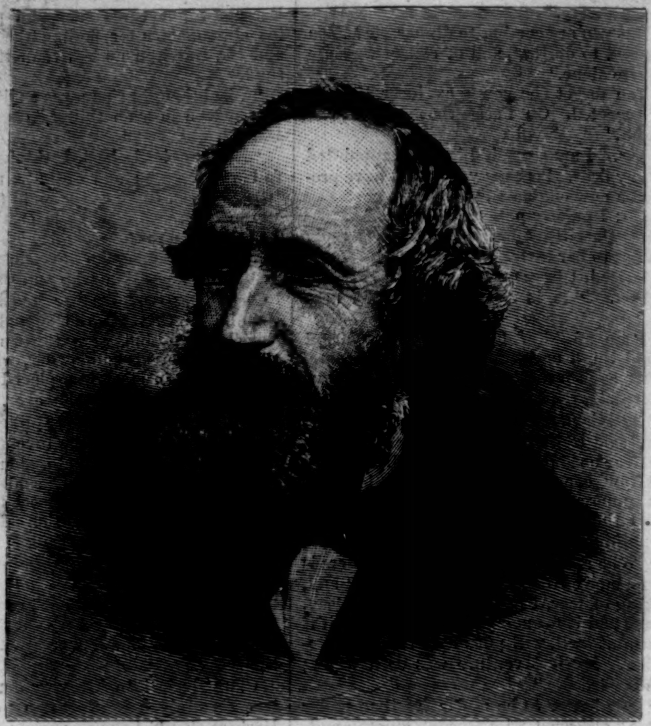
The latest pedestrian contest served to correct the impression that public interest in such competitions had nearly disappeared. Although the price of admittance was twice as large as that generally charged, the throngs in the Garden were like those that gathered when the walking mania was at its height. Another result of this contest has been to correct any impression which the contestants might have entertained that the receipts were to be enjoyed largely by the winners. The deduction of expenses and percentages leaves a comparatively small amount for the man who was first in the race, and out of this sum the claims of those who "managed" him must be satisfied.

Still another result of the match is to deprive such contests of that which had chiefly recommended them—the demonstration of what could be accomplished through physical perfection or a condition nearly approaching it. The winner of this most desperate contest of its kind looks at his best to be little better than a physical wreck. His figure would never answer for an artist's model of manly strength and grace; there is nothing of the color of health about him; his system is held together by mechanical aid; his movements are so awkward that it seems as though they must hurt; his gait is like that of a tired boy running after the cows, with a stone-bruise on each heel; yet he accomplished more than any other man had done. To see him at his task was not to have the eye pleased by perfection of build and evidence of strength and elasticity of movement, but to have a feeling of wonder awakened that a being to all appearances so near to a condition of collapse could keep going at such a rate. If men like this winner are to so far outstrip those of his competitors who seem to be models of strength, health, and grace, what is to be left to recommend pedestrian contests to any except those who hope to make a money profit out of them?

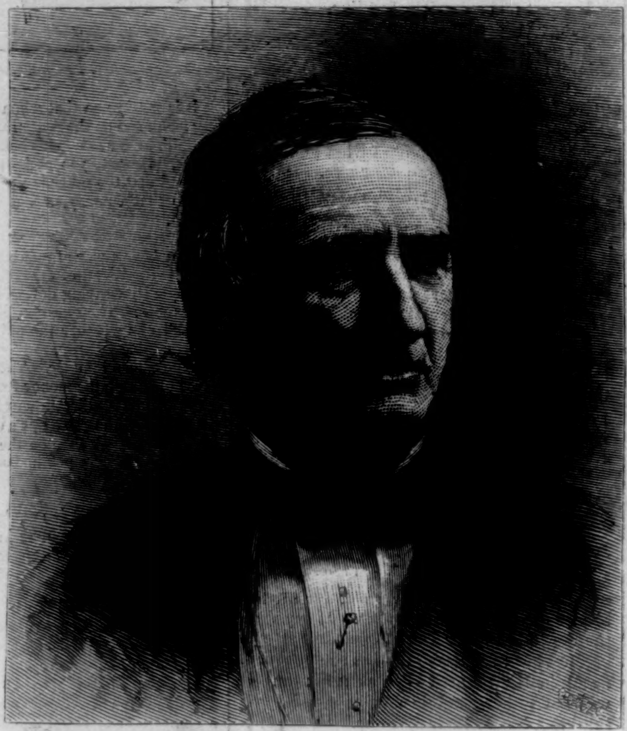
In view of the results of this latest and most successful match, it seems that the chief recommendation of pedestrian contests must be found in their contributions to the science, so to speak, of chiropody. In the earlier contests the condition of the walkers' feet was an engaging topic with all who were interested in the outcome; now we hear nothing of the contestants' feet, it being taken for granted that of course they have feet, or they wouldn't have started. If the knowledge which keeps their feet whole under such trying conditions could be generally disseminated among those who can not afford carriages for every-day use, it might be said, after all, that walking-matches had done something for humanity.



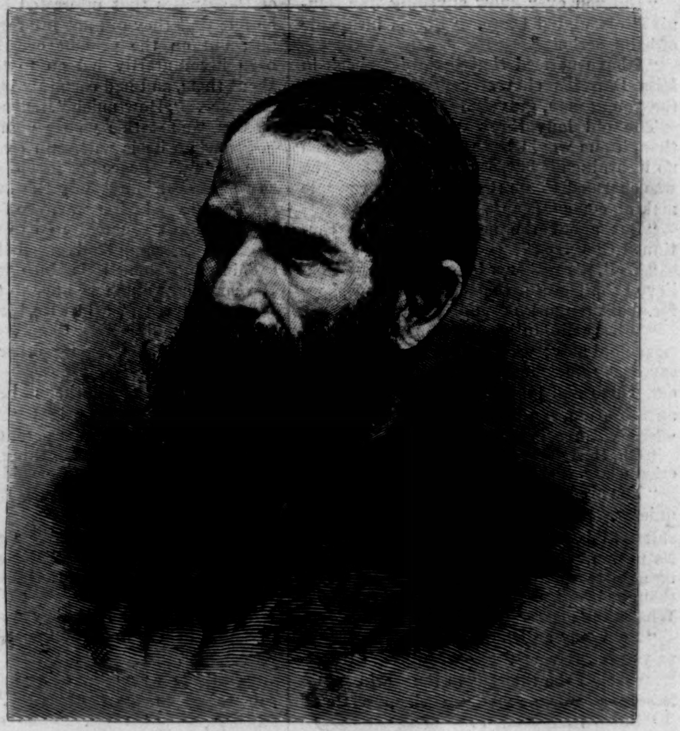
W. H. VANDERBILT.—Photographed by Bogardus, 18th Street and Broadway.



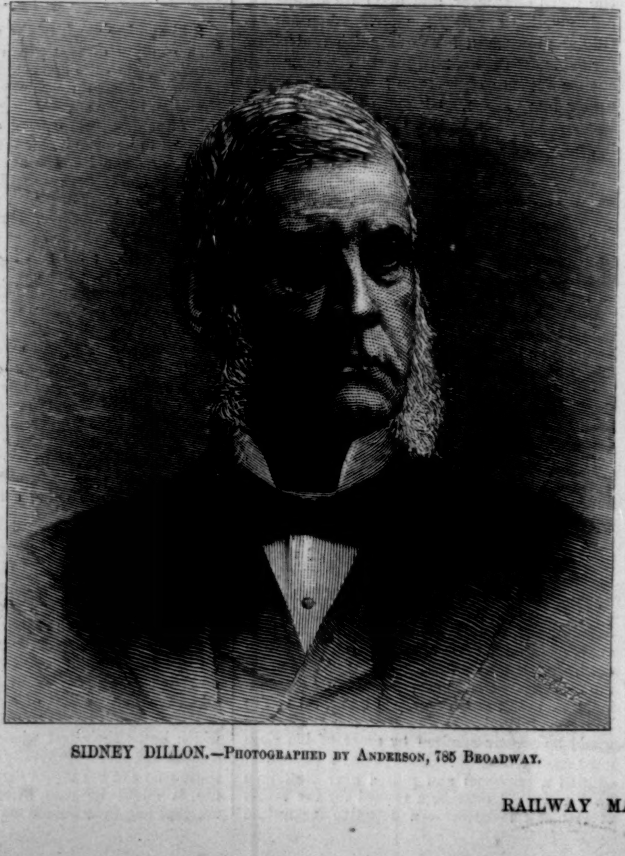
C. W. FIELD.—Photographed by Sarony.



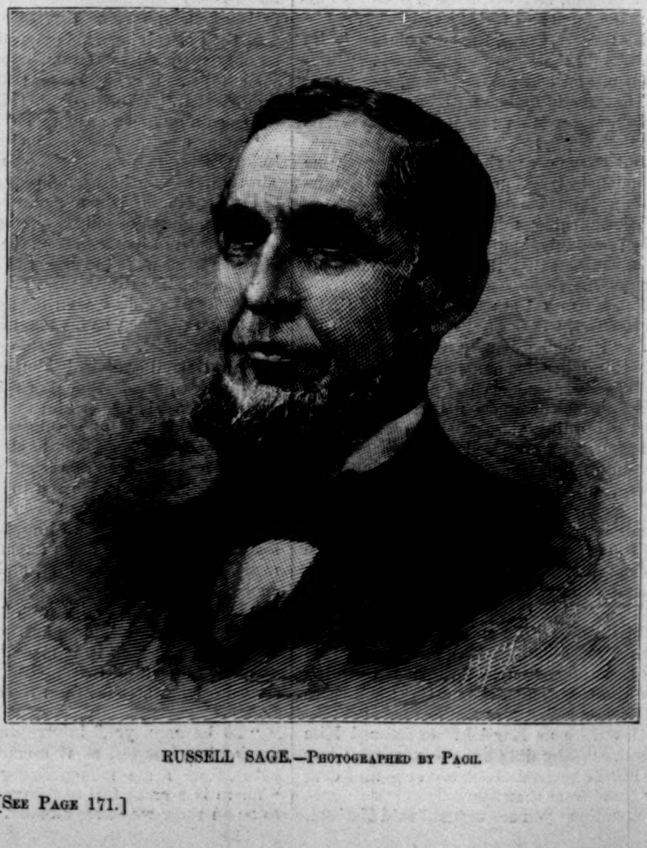
H. J. JEWETT.—Photographed by Sarony.



JAY GOULD.—Photographed by Warren.

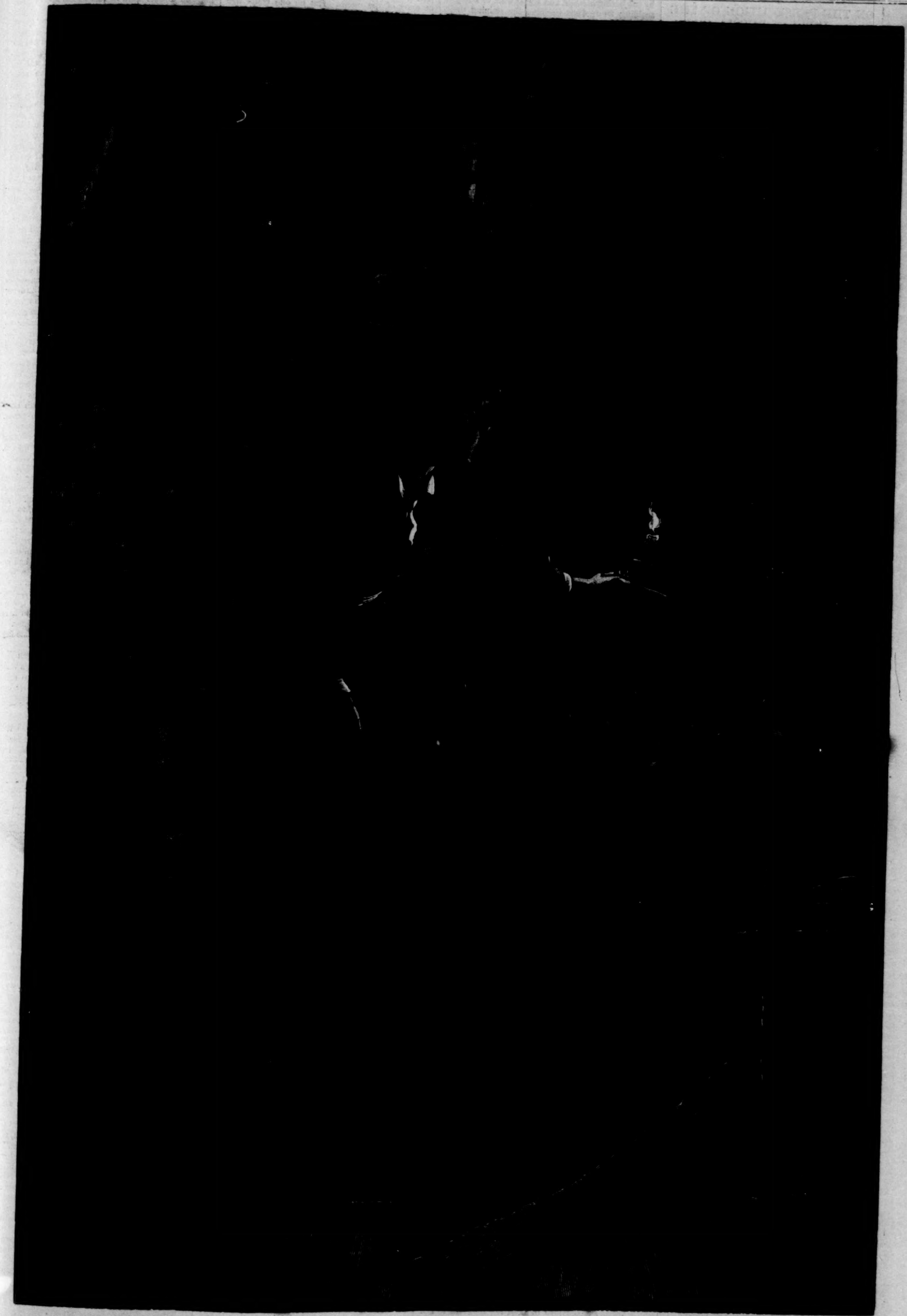


SIDNEY DILLON.—Photographed by Anderson, 785 Broadway.



RUSSELL SAGE.—Photographed by Pach.

RAILWAY MAGNATES.—[See Page 171.]



THE ROMANCE OF A GARRET.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.—[See Page 170.]

ON THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

"Be advised! Do not trample upon my people.
Nations and men that oppress us do not thrive."
[*From Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend.*"]

WHAT murmurs are these that so wofully rise
Into heart-storms of agony borne from afar?
A tempest of passion, a tumult of sighs?—
There is dread on the earth, and stern grief in the skies,
While the nations, appalled, watch the realm of the Czar?

Can Humanity's sun have gone down in an hour,
Or a Fiend have struck Mercy's soft key-note ajar,
That upwhirled on the fierce winds of madness and power,
This cloud—with its hail of harsh hatreds—should lower
O'er those who still call on their "father" the Czar?

Can Hell have burst upward, and spawned from its womb
The worst of all Demons that menace and mar?
O God! see an empire reeking in gloom—
Hark! the death-shock, the shriek, the wild volleys of doom—
Ay! the riot of Hell shakes the land of the Czar!

The fields are flame-girdled, the rivers roll red
Through the sulphurous fumes and swift ravage of war—
A war on the helpless, unhelmeted head,
Which tortures the living and spares not the dead.
Is HE sleeping, or dumb, their "good father" the Czar?

Ah, no!—through the corridors stately and vast
Of his palace that gleams like a pale polar star,
On a gale from the south these black tidings have passed:
He hears! and the lightnings of justice at last
Quiver hissing and hot in the hand of the Czar!

The world holds its breathing to mark them in flame
On their limitless course that no bulwark can bar;
But instead, through his wily state parasite came
A rescript* so false, its unspeakable shame
Should haunt to his death the dark dreams of the Czar!

No word for the victims, all butchered and bare,
By the hearth-stone defiled, and the blood-tainted Lar;
For the poor ravaged maid, whose sole shroud is her hair;
For the mother's lament, or the father's despair:
No pity for such thrills the thought of the Czar;

But his spirit leans, tender and yearning, above
The mad Helots who riot, rage, murder afar;
To them he is soft as a nest-brooding dove;
But the *murdered!* alas! *they* are stinted of love,
Right, justice, or ruth, in the creed of the Czar!

Shall grim Carnage goad onward, imbruited and base,
The black coursers that strain at her iron-wrought car,
While those of high Purpose and fetterless Race
Idly gaze on the foul mediæval disgrace
Which poisons all earth from yon realm of the Czar?

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

THE ROMANCE OF A GARRET.

[See Illustration on Page 169.]

As the morning express for Boston rolled out from the Grand Central Dépôt, Walter settled back in his seat in the smoking-car, in the delightful indolence which comes to every one setting out for a pleasure trip. On the passing of the train into the tunnel above Fiftieth Street he turned his attention to counting the arches, noting the air-holes overhead, and other intellectual time-killing devices, until the train came out into daylight, and curved round over Harlem River bridge. A suppressed college "yell" came to Walter's lips as he caught sight of Columbia's boat-house, from which several men in blue and white were just pushing off in shells for an early pull up the river; for he was a recent college graduate, and a trifle enthusiastic over the aquatic fame of his Alma Mater. But the train whirled along, and soon Walter was amusing himself watching the familiar baskets of cake and sandwiches which travel through the cars at Stamford with praiseworthy regularity.

At that moment a young man leaned over from a neighboring seat and begged a light. Walter politely handed his cigar, and glad of some interruption to the monotony, endeavored to open conversation on the strength of the cigar introduction.

"Tiresome ride on a hot day," said Walter.

"Very," replied the stranger, laconically.

"Are you going far east?" persisted Walter.

"Beyond Boston," was the answer; and as the train began to move, the stranger resumed reading the book he had laid down, and puffed away vigorously at his cigar.

No use trying for sociability in that quarter, thought Walter, resigning himself to the weariness of a long journey by rail. He had enough to think of, at any rate. Walter was a resident of New York city, but of New England family, and a trip to the old homestead where his mother had spent her girlhood was always a red-letter day in his life. The family mansion was still occupied by a bachelor uncle, a maiden aunt, and a fair orphan cousin, the ward and special charge of Aunt Caroline, and who had been the ruling goddess of Walter's boyhood. It was seven years now since he and Cousin Grace had met, and there lay between them all those mysterious years which change a boy and girl into a young man and maiden. As the train rolled along through the quiet farm lands of New England, Walter wondered if his cousin was as rosy and sweet and shy as in the days when he had helped her to climb the old mulberry-trees, thereby subjecting himself, and her as well, to a sound scolding from Aunt Caroline for staining their clean clothes with the rich ripe fruit. Grace was called a beauty, but Walter was a very independent youth, and decidedly inclined to vary from the popular opinion whenever he could; he was therefore very doubtful whether his efforts to secure a few days' leisure for the express purpose, be it confessed, of seeing Cousin Grace once more, were not labor wasted on a worthless cause.

Smoky, dreary brick walls took the place of fresh green fields, and Walter was soon hurrying across Boston to catch an evening train going eastward to his destination. At the quiet country station he swung his bag over his shoulder, and stepping on to the platform, was heartily greeted by Uncle Will. Only a few others alighted from the train. One of them, a young man, rushed hurriedly to a wagon in waiting, and was soon whirling up the road. My silent companion of this morning, thought Walter, starting; but Uncle Will's warm welcome and rapid questioning drove everything else from his mind.

No description of the reception to a New England farm-house can do the scene justice. It is only necessary to say that Walter was overwhelmed with attentions, and almost before he could shake off the dust of the long day's ride, was hurried to an inviting supper table loaded down with delicacies.

After supper, all imaginable questions having been asked and answered, Uncle Will and Aunt Caroline settled themselves in their usual evening seats by the large round table in the great wainscoted sitting-room, while Walter occupied a rustic chair on the south piazza, with Grace at his side—the dream of many months realized at last.

Was she pretty? There was no word in the dictionary sufficiently eloquent to characterize her, thought the young man; and as she sat there, the soft moonlight falling on her golden hair and sweet face, she became the goddess of his manhood, as she had been of his earlier years. There was an awful silence, and for the first time in his life the self-sufficient and cool Walter was at a loss for something to say. At length Grace spoke. What she said was very commonplace; but there was something in her voice—a concealed weariness, it might be called—that led Walter to regard her earnestly. He noticed a set sadness on the young girl's face, the result of no transient cause.

"Come, Gracie," said he, abruptly, "tell me what is the matter. Has Aunt Caro been scolding? When I was a little chap, you confided all your sorrows to me, and I fought your battles. I am more ready than ever to fight them now."

Grace gave a constrained, forced laugh. "Nothing troubles me, Walter," she said at length; "at least there are no battles to be fought in which you can play Don Quixote, and relieve suffering maidens. I get oppressed sometimes living in this ghostly old house, but the fit soon passes off. But tell me," she continued, as if anxious to change the subject, "did you ever hear the story of the great elm? I never did until Aunt Caro told it to me the other day. She had been indulging in one of her sermons against the faithlessness of men, when I unfortunately remarked that men had been faithful sometimes. 'Yes,' said she, 'I heard of one; but his case was so remarkable that the great tree yonder has stood breasting the storms and winds of a hundred and fifty years to mark the unusual event.' I am always ready for a story, so I begged her to tell me about it. Just think, Walter, the old tree under which we used to play years ago has a regular romance connected with it."

"Has it?" said Walter. "I remember I cut your name in the bark. That is romance enough for me. Let us go in the morning and see if the letters are there yet."

"They are all grown over," said Grace, "and there was no romance about them anyway."

Walter bit his lip. "Let us have the story, then, by all means," said he, "and see what you call romance."

"You shall have it," answered Grace; "and I'll spoil your night's rest too, as a reward for your bad temper. Walter, there's a ghost in it—such a ghost! I have covered up my head every night since Aunt Caro told me about it."

"A ghost," said Walter, laughing, in spite of his vexation, at her solemn tone—"a ghost! I should rather enjoy an encounter with such a personage. I hope it will be lively to-night, so I can have the pleasure of its company."

"Walter, you wouldn't see a ghost for the world—you know you wouldn't. But now for the story. More than one hundred and fifty years ago, when this house was first built, a young man named Ellis lived here with his parents. He was in love with a young girl of the neighborhood, and they were engaged. But he was poor, so he went to sea to seek his fortune—a very silly thing that more sensible men than he have often done. The night before he went away he planted an elm sapling, and told his sweetheart that as the sapling increased in strength, so would his love for her grow stronger day by day. Vowing mutual fidelity, they parted. Years passed, and he did not came back. Meanwhile the elm-tree grew and flourished. His sweetheart mourned for him, they say; but after a while she married a wealthy farmer, who bought this very house of Ellis's parents, who were old and poor. Scarcely was she married when poor Ellis returned—a forlorn, shipwrecked man, in search of his betrothed. There was a dreadful scene. He denounced her in the most bitter terms, and then rushed off to join the army. Those were the days of the Indian wars, and the next news that came was that Ellis had been captured by the savages and killed. Walter, his uneasy spirit came straight to the garret of this house. They say he has tramped there all night ever since. Anyway, soon after he was killed, his old love induced her husband to sell the place and move away from the town. It was then used as a country inn and a gambling-house, and terrible scenes are said to have been enacted in some of the rooms. But no one could live here, and the house was finally shut up and deserted, until after a long time our great-grandfather, who was a stern old character, never afraid of any man, and much less of ghosts, took a fancy to the location and bought the farm. He rebuilt some of the rooms, but the old garret remains just as it was when Ellis lived here, except the little chamber at the south end, which Uncle Will had finished off last year, because there was such a lovely view from the window. He said it wasn't fair to leave it to the garret."

"Where is the ghost now?" asked Walter, as Grace paused.

"It's there yet"—pointing her finger mysteriously toward the upper windows. "The other night Aunt Caro was making silk patchwork, when she suddenly remembered a certain bundle of pieces she had hunted out of an old trunk, and left lying at the head of the garret stairs. 'Grace, please get them for me,' she said. I was frightened to death, but I would endure anything sooner than Aunt Caro's ridicule, and she is just like great-grandfather, and doesn't know what fear is; so I took a candle and up I went. When I passed that dreadful black hole between the chimney and the stairway, which was the terror of our childhood—don't you remember?—and which I have never yet had the courage to look into, I felt a cold wave of air strike me, and on the garret floor I heard a dreadful tramp, tramp, tramp, coming toward the stairway. Nearer and nearer it came. Terror deprived me of speech. I tried to scream for Uncle Will, but I couldn't make a sound. The unseen horror seemed to approach the very spot where I was standing. Frantically I seized the bundle of silk and rushed down stairs. 'Oh, auntie,' I said, 'I heard awful noises in the garret.' 'Rats,' said Aunt Caro. Walter, it wasn't rats!"—leaning toward him, and speaking those last words in a low whisper.

"The ghost!" exclaimed Walter, who, in spite of his courageous incredulity, felt his blood curdling all over his body.

"Not at all," answered Grace, coolly; "it was Aunt Caro's cat, standing up in great-grandma's old cradle, which rocked back and forth as she arched her back at me." And starting up, laughing, she went in from the piazza to the brilliantly lighted sitting-room, followed by Walter, who, against his will, felt very uncomfortable, and, in spite of the presence of the fair cousin, wished himself back in his cozy snuggery in New York.

"Grace," said Uncle Will, looking up from his newspaper, "I saw Harry Anderson at the station. They said in town to-day that his aunt was dying, and most likely he was sent for."

"He would better attend to her, then, and keep away from this house," said Aunt Caroline, sharply, while Grace colored like a blush-rose.

"Don't be hard on the young man, Caroline," said Uncle Will. "I never heard any ill of him. By-the-way, Walter," he continued, "he must have come on from New York with you. Didn't you recognize him? You played together when you were both little chaps."

"Of course I remember Harry Anderson—a jollier playmate never lived," replied Walter. "That fellow's face bothered me all day, it was so familiar. He appears somewhat crusty now; at least I found him so," he added, maliciously, for the crimson shade on his cousin's cheeks had awakened a crowd of jealous fears.

Meanwhile Aunt Caroline bundled up her silk patchwork and remarked that the village bell had rung nine an hour ago. Walter, wearied with his long journey, took a candle from the table and declared his intention of retiring.

"I dare you to sleep in the garret chamber to-night," whispered Grace as he left the room.

Now when a pretty girl calls on a young man to show his courage, it is a feeble position for him if he fails to accept the challenge. Therefore Walter, when alone in the guest-chamber of the old farm-house, sat and pondered. The evident interest of Grace in his fellow-traveller troubled him much more deeply than the ghost of the garret. Then came a vision of the mocking eyes of the girl, who he knew would make the most of his lack of courage did he creep comfortably under the snowy curtains of Aunt Caroline's best bed.

"I'll do it," said he, starting up, "just for the fun of the thing."

When the house was still, and every one sleeping, Walter pulled off his boots and crept softly through the long hallway, which was lighted with all the brilliancy of a full June moon.

The little garret room looked very cheerful when Walter entered; and having thrown up the window to admit the sweet night air, laden with the breath of many hay fields, he sat down in grandfather's cushioned arm-chair to indulge in waking dreams of the fair face which so far exceeded the ideal he had formed.

A cold breath on his cheek startled him like a blow. He looked around. In the corner stood a tall dark figure with misty outlines. One arm appeared pointing to the door leading to the garret, while the other was raised in an attitude of warning or menace. Walter started, rubbed his eyes, and made a bold dash at the apparition, when the arms seemed to fall heavily to its sides, and the whole thing to become shapeless. "Uncle Will's old duster!" exclaimed Walter, laughing; nevertheless he took it from the nail and threw it on the bed. "But how about the uplifted arms?" he thought; and as he looked again at the corner where it had hung, the faint white outlines of a human figure appeared defined against the dark wall. As he gazed at it in horror it faded away. Walter was seized with a terrible sense of oppression. He could not breathe, his head whirled, and he staggered to the window for air. But an irresistible attraction forced him to look back into the room. As he gazed, the bolts he had drawn slipped back, moved by invisible hands, the door leading to the garret slowly opened, and Walter felt himself drawn to that part of the room, where he stood rooted to the floor, more in wonder than in fear at the spectacle before him.

Beyond the door, instead of the gloomy garret, a lovely country was visible; in the distance a magnificent river, rolling hills, and grand old forests. A youth and maiden were wandering together over the fresh green fields, and all was sunlight and happiness. Suddenly the scene changed to a raging, stormy sea. A dismantled ship was struggling heavily with the waves, and clinging madly to a plank was a sailor—the same youth who had been the maiden's happy companion. Again a rapid change showed a lonely figure on a desolate coast, weary with watching, but strong in his faith in home and sweetheart. Like a rolling panorama, a succession of events passed rapidly before Walter's eyes. He saw the man return to his boyhood home, weary and foot-sore, to find himself forgotten and his place filled by another. He then appeared wandering in a wild forest, a scout in the king's service. Terrible yells rent the air, the Indian war-whoop, and, pierced by many arrows, the man fell dying on the turf. All through this wild and changing scene one white figure stood motionless, pointing ever with outstretched, ghostly finger toward the corner of the garret where stood the old wooden cradle in which generations of Walter's ancestors had been rocked. Gliding now toward the dying man, the figure stopped, and both forms seemed to melt into one, which stood alone in the centre of the floor, the ghostly finger still extended toward the dark, dusky corner. The silence was terrible, and yet there seemed ringing in Walter's ears a strange command, distinct and clear, yet unspoken: "Save this ancient house from farther curse!" It came from the massive beams overhead, from all the mysterious corners, from the very floor. Yet Walter knew there was not a sound audible to mortal ears. His teeth chattered, and his whole frame shook with terror. Suddenly he was seized by invisible arms, which whirled him round and round in ever-widening circles, until at length, stunned and bewildered, he was hurled headlong over the ancient cradle.

The clear sunlight of a June morning shone full in the little garret chamber as Grace mounted the stairs in search of her cousin. She had gone, at Aunt Caroline's direction, to call him to breakfast, and had found the guest-chamber open and tenantless. Remembering her parting words of the previous evening, she repaired at once to the garret room, conscience-smitten at the thought that by a foolish jest she had imposed such uncomfortable quarters on a tired traveller. The door stood wide open, and by the window, in grandfather's chair, sat Walter, sleeping soundly. He started up, aroused by Grace's exclamation, and gazed wildly at her, then burst into a nervous, uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"You ridiculous boy! did you really come here last night?" said Grace, in astonishment.

"When beauty commands, then—" began Walter, now fully awake; but Aunt Caroline's voice, sounding loudly from below, calling the delinquents to breakfast, put an end to farther conversation.

Nothing can exceed the freshness and beauty of a clear June morning among the beautiful farming lands of New England; and when Walter sat with Grace on the stone seat under the broad drooping boughs of the great elm, the hum of bees and the fragrance of many flowers in the air, he forgot the strange horror of the preceding night, and thought nothing on earth could be nearer paradise than the dear old farm-house and its surroundings.

"Didn't you go to bed last night at all?" asked Grace, half nervously.

"No—yes—I really don't know what happened. I sat down by the window, and I must have fallen asleep in grandfather's chair, I think."

"Did you see the ghost?"

The question sounded very simple and innocent, with the morning sunlight lying calmly on the slanting roof of the old house, but in spite of himself Walter shuddered—an action noticed at once by his companion.

"Walter, you did see it, or you saw or heard something. What was it? Tell me all about it. Aunt Caro has been unusually cross this morning, and I need some pleasant distraction."

"Pleasant!" thought Walter, vividly recalling the scenes of the night, "a very pleasant and sympathetic ghost indeed!" But he only said: "I had a strange dream, Gracie, that was all, and you shall hear the whole story; but you are going to tell me something first. What made you blush so at the mention of Harry Anderson's name, and why was Aunt Caro so snappish about him? If I am not mistaken, there lies hid the mystery which makes life so dismal to you at times."

Grace was silent, but the troubled look which Walter had noticed the previous evening passed over her face like a cloud.

"You never knew why Aunt Caro is an old maid?" she said at length.

"No, I never knew anything about Aunt Caro, except that in spite of her snappish ways, she is as soft-hearted a woman as ever was born."

"On all but one subject, Walter, and when that is touched she is hard and bitter. She believes that no man on earth can be either faithful or true to the woman who loves him, and that there is nothing in store for that woman but pain and misery; and so, as she loves me, the sole purpose of her life is to make me a forlorn old maid like herself."

"And you and Harry Anderson are in love with each other, and Aunt Caro drives him from the house. I see the whole trouble now—poor little Grace!" said Walter. But he added, mentally, "Bravo for Aunt Caro!"

"Not the whole trouble, Walter," continued Grace, sadly, "for were it any other than Harry, auntie is so good-hearted I know she would never see me suffer as I do. But she is like an insane woman against him, for, oh, Walter! he is the son of the very man who deceived her and blighted her life. I do believe Aunt Caro loved him dearly, but he went away and left her. Even to me she has never told the whole story. I only know they were supposed to be engaged, but he went away somewhere, and never wrote or sent her any message. Aunt Caro was a very high-spirited girl, and she waited, and waited, and never said a word. Grandma was dead, and Aunt Caro was housekeeper to grandpa, and mother to a lot of little brothers and sisters. Before long grandpa died too, and soon afterward word came to the village that Mr. Anderson was married. Aunt Caro lived on in the old house, but she was never anything to the world but a hard, cold woman from that day to this.

---

* "For some time" (says this rescript) "the government has given its attention to the *Jews*, and their relations to the rest of the inhabitants of the empire, *with the view of ascertaining the sad condition of the Christians, brought about by the conduct of the Jews in business matters!*" "Of all the outrages committed," observes the New York *Evening Post*, "this rescript of the Minister of the Interior is the most shameless. Its immediate effect was to give a *new* impetus to the ferocity of mobs"—in a word, to encourage murder, arson, and cruelties so wanton, one's heart sickens at the atrocious details.

"Harry's mother died when he was born, and his father only lived a year afterward, and Harry's Aunt Susan brought him here a baby, and has been a mother to him ever since. She told me once that Aunt Caro and she were girls together and dear friends, but that even she never knew what happened to cause the trouble, only she never believed her brother was to blame. Something had passed which no one understood, and Aunt Caro least of all, I think, from little things she has said to me. But all that was years ago, before we were born, Walter; still it comes back again to me to-day, and makes my life miserable."

"Save this ancient house from farther curse," rang in Walter's ears; but, with an effort to dismiss his midnight vision from his mind, he turned to Grace and said, "If I were Harry Anderson, and knew you loved me, I would carry you off, although forty Aunt Caros barred the door."

"No, you would not," said Grace, passionately. "I will have faith in him, and be true to him always, always, but I will not marry him without Aunt Caro's consent. She has been a mother to me ever since I can remember. She is old and desolate, and I am the only thing in the world she loves. The day will come—I know it will, I am sure of it—when she will give me to him, and then, Walter, how happy I shall be to think that I never went against her wishes! It would kill her were I to marry him now."

Walter was in reality a noble-hearted fellow, and his sympathy with the real distress of this fair young girl put from his mind at once and forever all foolish jealousies. Resigning himself to the situation, he decided that Aunt Caro's prejudice must be overcome, and these two foolish lovers made happy.

But how? Over and over in his mind did he revolve a dozen plans, a dozen solutions of the perplexing question, but Aunt Caro's stern face seemed a solid and impassable barrier rising at every point.

"The dream, Walter—tell me the dream," exclaimed Grace, after a long silence. "It is useless to brood over troubles," she added, "which only time can carry away."

"Grace," said Walter, springing suddenly to his feet, "come to the garret with me. I've an idea. It is the most absurd thing in the world," he added, half to himself; "but there is no harm in trying."

The old garret looked very cheerful with the sunlight penetrating its dark, cobweb-hung corners, and Walter was much more ready to examine its odd and antique curiosities with Grace, who now seemed in the best of spirits, than to carry out the mysterious purpose he had in mind. If the truth were told, he was fearful of subjecting himself to the ridicule of his cousin.

The garret was crowded with the paraphernalia of a household of the olden time. There were big wool wheels that rattled like the bones of some defunct monster when Grace set them whirling, and dainty, prettily carved flax wheels with bits of silky fibre still clinging to the distaff—remnants, perhaps, of the very spinning which had twisted the thread for a pair of heavy linen sheets, marked with great-grandmother's initials, which Grace guarded as a sacred heirloom. Scattered round in that confusion which only time can create were spools and warping-bars, shuttles, clock reels, quill wheels, and swifts, and at one end near the window still stood great-grandmother's loom—a silent relic of past generations. Stowed away under the eaves were boxes of strange shells brought home from foreign seas years and years ago by some sailor son of the old mansion, and as Walter lifted them up and wiped away the dust which concealed their rich coloring, the ghostly face of the previous night seemed to dance before his eyes. On turning away to dispel the vision, he started in amazement at the strange figure which presented itself from behind the great blackened chimney—Grace in the costume of her great-grandmother. She had thrown on a flaming red chintz covered with a bright yellow palm-leaf pattern, which had appeared at many an ancient turkey party; an enormous lace pelerine, its ends embroidered with many colors, fell over her shoulders, while her head and face were completely buried in the folds of a huge green silk calash.

"Oh, Walter," she cried, "there's a big, hairy trunk here, full of antique finery. Here's an embroidered waistcoat and a long-tailed gray coat with tremendous brass buttons for you. Then we'll go down and amaze Aunt Caro. Won't she read us a lecture, though! All this gear is sacred in her eyes, and she wouldn't even unfold it; but I've looked it over ever so many times."

"What's that hanging up behind the cradle?" asked Walter, as he made a dive at an odd-looking garment suspended from a nail in the farthest recess of the mysterious corner, toward which Walter was irresistibly drawn.

"You must not touch that for the world," shrieked Grace; "Aunt Caro would never forgive us. That is grandfather's blue camlet cloak. Auntie says he hung it there himself the spring before he died, and that no one shall ever take it down or touch it as long as she is alive. Don't you see she has dragged the cradle and trunks and boxes to make a barricade in front of it?"

But Grace's caution came too late, for Walter, stepping on a loose board in the old floor, which flew up like a seesaw, lost his balance, and, his arms pinioned by the long gray coat, fell headlong for the second time, he shudderingly thought, into the fatal corner. Down came the blue camlet cloak in a cloud of ancient dust and cobwebs, while a troop of alarmed mice squeaked and hastily scuttled away under the shelter of the eaves.

Walter extricated himself from the rubbish with a very odd expression of countenance. Had an unseen power plunged him into this corner against his will? Had it been midnight, he might have decided in the affirmative, especially if he had been asleep, but now things wore a very different aspect, and he was angry and chagrined at having performed such ridiculous gymnastics. He picked up the fallen cloak, and, in mercy to Grace's distressed face, hunted about for the nail upon which it had hung for so many years. The nail was gone! What induced Walter to suddenly thrust his hand into the pocket of the cloak he was never able to explain, but afterward when he related the whole ghostly story to Grace, he declared something seized his hand and guided it, and that cold fingers pressed a letter into his trembling grasp.

At that moment Aunt Caroline, attracted by the crash of Walter's fall, appeared at the head of the garret stairs.

"Indeed, auntie," said Grace, "we did not touch grandfather's cloak. Walter tripped on a loose board, and the whole thing fell."

"Yes," added Walter, slowly, "and I found a letter in the pocket—'Miss Caroline Thornton'"—reading in an unnatural, strained voice.

Aunt Caroline reached forward for the mysterious letter, and as she gazed at it the sunlight of many summers seemed to pass over her stern face. Then she turned quietly and went down stairs, while Grace and Walter followed in wondering silence.

The old clock in the corner of the sitting-room rang off the hours of a long summer afternoon, and still Miss Caroline sat by the little claw-foot table in her room gazing intently on an open letter in her hand. The paper was yellowed and stained by time, but the words it contained burned like gold and diamonds before the eyes which had waited for them so long. "Thirty years," murmured Miss Caroline—"thirty years! It is I who was false and cruel, not my poor Harry. Oh, thank God, not he!" She slipped on her wedding finger a thin, old-fashioned circlet of chased gold, which had fallen from the letter as she opened it, and musingly turned it round and round.

Toward evening Aunt Caro descended to the sitting-room, where sat Grace and Walter and Uncle Will. There was a strange softness in her face.

"I am going to Susan Anderson's," she said, quietly. "Grace, my dear"—kissing the girl gently on the forhead—"I shall send Harry to you. Make him happy, child, and whatever happens, never, never believe him false to you. Ask me no questions," she added, solemnly, as Grace started up with wondering looks: "I have had a message from the dead. There is nothing more to tell."

The moonlight of that June evening fell softly on Miss Caroline as she sat by the bedside of her dying friend, and it lighted up the south piazza of the old farm-house, where were a pair of lovers in that delicious fairy-land of illusions which can be entered but once in a lifetime.

As for Walter, he packed his bag and decided to take the morning train for New York. "She's my cousin, anyway," he soliloquized, "that is one consolation."

Overhead in the old garret all was still and peaceful. The ghost had departed forever.

HELEN S. CONANT.

A NATIONAL RAILWAY COMMISSION.

THE machinery of exchange is becoming a controlling power in modern society. To wield it is to exercise a sway over the destinies of men in some respects comparable to that possessed in other civilizations by an Oriental despot or by a feudal aristocracy. Its full development is the first condition of economical progress; but the regulation of it, so that it shall not impair the independence of individuals, nor trample on private rights, nor debase public morals, is more essential still; for without this no amount of economical progress can support a permanent civilization. Our system of government and our jurisprudence were formed before this power grew great. Their safeguards and remedies were devised to meet other evils than those now threatened, and against many of these they show themselves inadequate. The question what new laws or institutions are needed to protect society is known as "the railroad problem," and its solution is one of the foremost tasks which now face economists and statesmen.

The traffic of former generations moved on public highways, on which every man could move himself or carry for others on equal terms. The traffic of to-day is moved by corporations on highways owned by themselves, from the use of which all other carriers are excluded. This is the essential change brought about by railroads, and from this spring all the difficulties of the subject. Only a large capital can own and work a great highway, and its economical advantages are rapidly increased as capital is concentrated, and unity of administration secured. Hence there is a constant and rapid growth of the great railway systems, and a progressive centralization of the control of each system in a few persons—usually in a single will. The results are of vast importance in three aspects—commercial, financial, and social.

The commercial results have of late attracted most notice. Railroad kings employ the agencies of commerce in mutual hostilities or alliances, carrying on war or negotiating treaties of peace which affect the welfare of millions, while the millions are not represented in the deliberations, nor is their welfare even the ostensible end in view. The prices of staple products fluctuate in the markets day by day under the varying purposes of these magnates, or under rumors of their purposes. By their power, within wide limits, to fix the cost of transportation and to make discriminations for or against individuals or communities, they apparently enrich some men at will, while injuring or destroying the prosperity of whole districts. In short, it is not without a measure of truth that the commercial world is represented as undergoing a gradual subjugation to a few masters—a process the limits of which can not be clearly seen. Its worst feature is that the individual will and possibly selfish purposes of these masters are closely veiled under a corporate and irresponsible form.

The financial results are also of great importance. The great railway systems embody and control a large part of the community's capital. Their shares, being easily transferred or converted into money, are a favorite investment. But the concentration of the capital and control of these corporations does not insure identity of interests between the managers and the share-holders. Officers and directors whose official acts largely determine the value of the stock are habitually the largest dealers in it, and very often buy or sell large amounts of it in advance of acts or plans, known only to themselves, which will affect its market price. A number of the owners and managers who control great railways are known to have built up colossal fortunes by such operations. Moreover, railroad wars are carried on in the exchanges as well as in the transportation offices, and direct efforts to destroy the market value of shares are a common practice in such warfare. The degeneracy of the moral standard applied to these transactions by public opinion appears to be progressive, and while the enforcement through the courts of the ordinary principles of equity against the managers of corporate estates is frequently attempted, it has not been successful in the case of any important railroad, nor has there been any conspicuous instance of judicial punishment among the many frauds of this class which have been exposed.

The social and political results of accumulating such vast masses of capital and so much power in a few hands are not easily traced, but they awaken vague and increasing apprehension in many minds. Sometimes an alarm is sounded because the great corporations are continually seeking to obtain or to obstruct legislation, and employ methods of influence which are the more dreaded the less they are understood, and that many gentlemen who, as attorneys or owners, would be disqualified to sit on the bench or in the jury-box upon any question affecting the corporate interests, openly take part in Congress and in Legislatures in framing laws to promote or regulate these interests. Sometimes the cry is heard that the commercial and financial powers of the great corporations, as now exerted, have an important effect in checking the economical virtues, in stimulating the gambling element in business, and in debasing commercial morals. Others, to whom such considerations seem remote, admit that the growth and management of the railway systems are watched with jealousy and fear by a growing body of men; that many are irritated by the sight of colossal fortunes acquired without rendering to society a visible equivalent; that an abiding sense of wrong is felt by many men, and sometimes by whole communities, who regard their interests as sacrificed by unfair management; that, in short, the facts of the railroad problem afford to demagogues who hope to disturb the whole structure of society their main fund of argument. Remote as any serious disturbance from such a cause may be, it remains true that there are tendencies in our railway system toward a monopoly which would be intolerable, and that further progress in that direction must diminish the contentment of the people and their faith in their institutions.

Now our commercial society is founded on the assumptions that, in every branch of business, open competition secures the most efficient service of the public; and that, where industry is entirely free, capital and labor will, in seeking their own interests, employ themselves most productively for the interests of all. These assumptions are contradicted by the present state of the great railways. Unlimited competition here, where immense capital is essential, defeats itself. Oppression and inequitable discrimination are found in detail, and all tends to monopoly at last. And capital, in these corporate masses, is apt to be employed for purposes inconsistent with its own interests and with those of the community. The property of many being controlled by one or a few, whose interests may be distinct from those which they represent, the guarantee which self-interest commonly gives for the most useful employment of capital is lost. The railroad problem, therefore, is this: How shall the railways be regulated so that their management shall seek the true interests of the owners, and simply aim to earn the highest profit by rendering the best service?

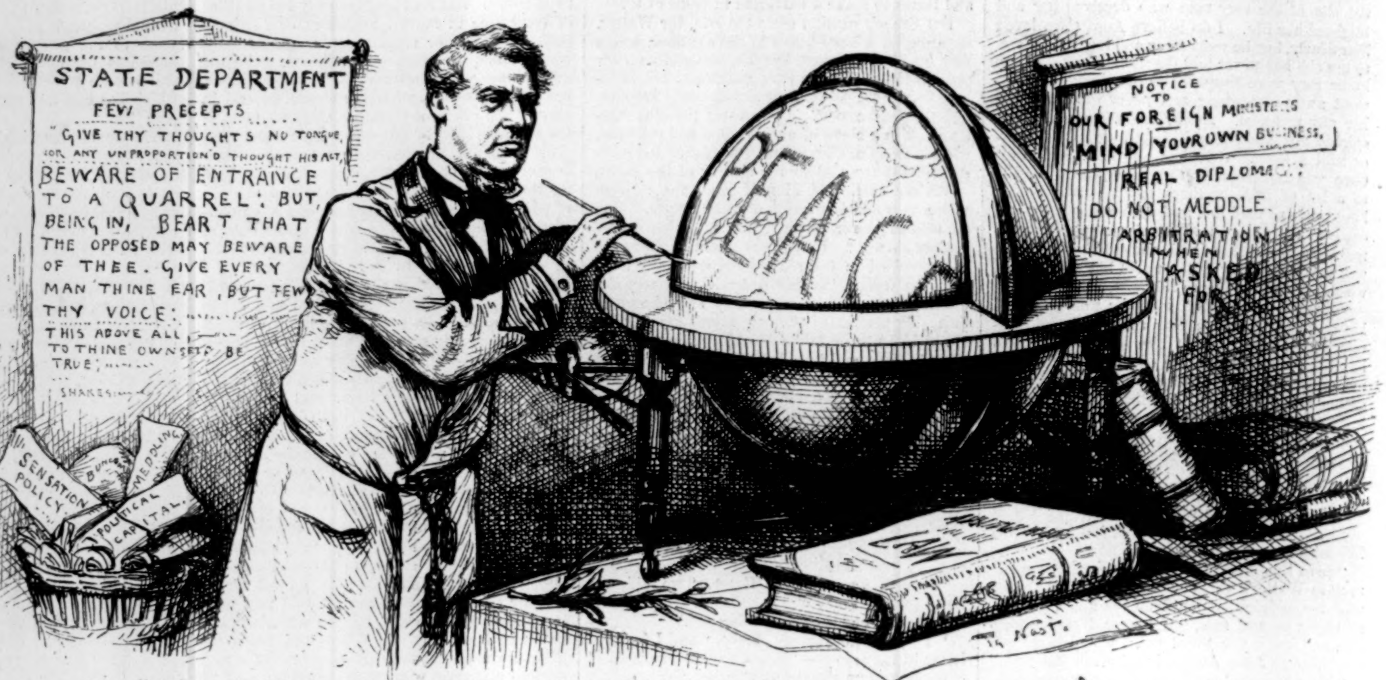
Mr. C. F. ADAMS, Jun., proposes as the best practical method of approaching the solution of this problem the passage of an act of Congress establishing in the Department of the Interior a Board of three Commissioners of Interstate Commerce, to exercise supervision over all railroad business which crosses State lines; to hear and investigate responsible complaints against the roads, relating to this part of their business; and to collect and report the data for a system of national legislation on the subject. The powers of the Commission are to be closely limited. It can only ascertain the facts on which any complaint rests, and give publicity to them. In its annual reports it will review the relations of railways to the general government, and suggest measures for their regulation. "A very short and simple measure," says Mr. ADAMS, yet one which has cost him "a good many years to prepare."

The first impression made by this proposal is that it is utterly inadequate. As if to heighten this impression, Mr. ADAMS introduces it as suggested by a speech of Mr. ROBERT STEPHENSON twenty-five years ago, which he cites at length. Mr. STEPHENSON asked for "a competent tribunal," to which Parliament should commit "the whole of the great questions appertaining to our system." It should protect private interests, enforce its regulations, consolidate and amend the railway laws, and, in short, exercise the delegated powers of Parliament over the railways "in any way you please. All we ask," he adds, "is that it shall be a tribunal that is impartial and that is thoroughly informed." Parliament has all power in the matter, but is "incompetent," says Mr. STEPHENSON; let its unlimited powers be delegated to a proper tribunal. The resemblance of Mr. ADAMS's plan to this is very remote. Congress has no control over any railway except as incident to its power "to regulate commerce among the several States." It is doubtful whether the grant of this power by the Constitution meant more than the regulation of tolls and bridges on the frontiers between the States. It certainly did not mean that the accident of crossing a State line should subject the entire business of a highway or of a carrier of goods to national supervision. The Erie Railway competes with the New York Central for traffic eastward from Buffalo. The latter is wholly within New York, while the former crosses parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Shall this accident of route subject the business on one road to the supervision of the general government, while that of the other is exempt from it? Shall a system of laws, and tribunals to enforce them, be devised to control the Erie, none of which can affect its rival? This is but one of many inconsistencies and practical absurdities which would result from founding a real national supervision of railways on the power in question. While Mr. ADAMS, in the language of his bill, seems to refer to this power, he is careful not to suggest any delegation of it, with or without defined limits, to his board of supervision. The board he proposes is merely a bureau of information, not a tribunal with authority.

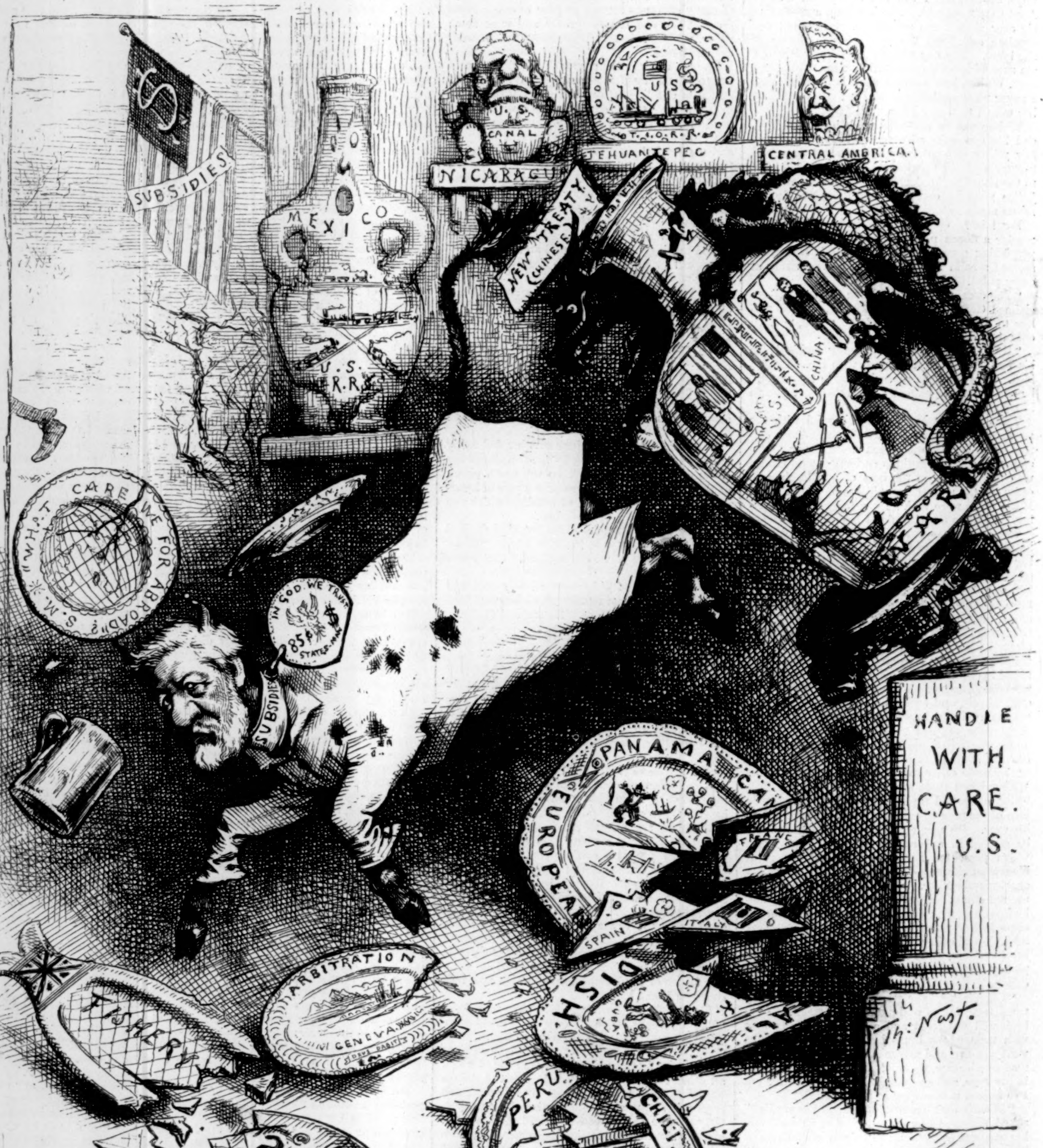
Again, being limited in its inquiries to the work of the roads as carriers between States, this board would have no concern with the financial management of the corporations as representing their stockholders, and this important branch of the railroad problem is not approached by Mr. ADAMS's plan. Its province would be the comparatively narrow one of investigating the commerce among the States carried on by railways, and of making recommendations for legislation. Assuming, then, that such a board were appointed, consisting of the men named by Mr. ADAMS as competent, or of others equally so, what might be hoped from it? Its best possible achievement would be to bring to light the defects in railroad management and in railroad law; to devise improvements and recommend them, winning for them such a support from public opinion as neither Congress nor the corporations could resist; and in the case of each particular grievance investigated, to bring the same pressure to bear for the enforcement of its own equitable decision. That Congress should adopt the system of regulations which the Commission might gradually devise; that the State Legislatures should act in harmony with Congress, and complete the system by extending it over the railways within their jurisdiction; or that a new practical code governing the relations of the roads to the shippers of goods on principles of equity would be gradually developed by the decisions of the Commission upon complaints—can hardly be expected by the most sanguine optimist.

The difficulties we have mentioned, however, are not the only ones—are scarcely the chief ones—which give us pause in reading Mr. ADAMS's project. They are considerable, if it is once shown that the Commission would surely be filled, and permanently filled, by men of the highest character and competence. If this be not assured, Mr. ADAMS freely admits that the Commission must be much worse than worthless. But let three more prizes, such as seats in this tribunal, be added to the patronage to be divided by the successful party in a quadrennial election, in the present state of political morals and of the public service, and what is the prospect for such appointments as will make the Commission useful? No form of law can so create the offices as to insure that they will be properly filled. If Mr. ADAMS's bill were passed to-day, the corporations concerned and the public would be thrown into anxious suspense while awaiting the appointments, and their anxiety would find its greatest relief in contemplating the very narrow limits of the power actually conferred by the bill. This consideration brings us again to the question which underlies all questions of government. No reform of the railway system through administrative agencies can be rationally expected without a reform of the civil service. By this reform we mean not the adoption of any particular scheme of legislation or of Executive policy, but rather the quickening and education of the political conscience, so that it shall be a recognized crime against society, in making an appointment to office, to regard any consideration but the efficiency of the public service. Such a reform is approaching, we trust, more rapidly than politicians in general imagine, but until it is largely accomplished no such plan as that of Mr. ADAMS can be more than a hazardous experiment.

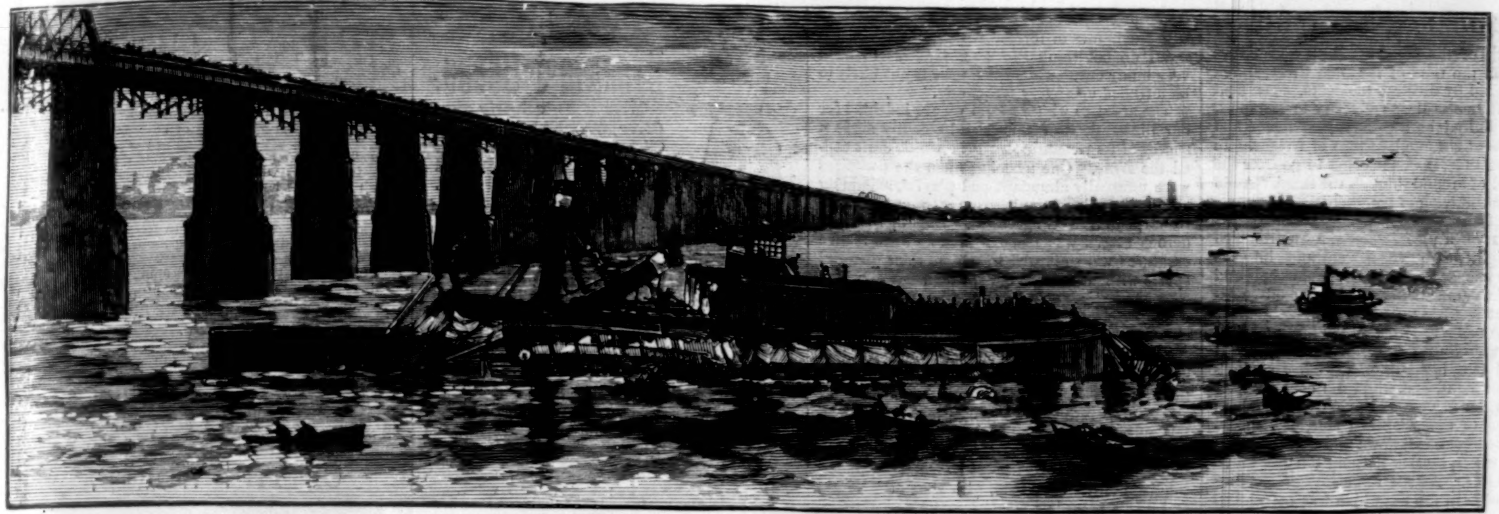
CHARLTON T. LEWIS.


STATE DEPARTMENT
FEW PRECEPTS
"GIVE THY THOUGHTS NO TONGUE,
NOR ANY UNPROPORTION'D THOUGHT HIS ACT,
BEWARE OF ENTRANCE
TO A QUARREL; BUT,
BEING IN, BEAR'T THAT
THE OPPOSED MAY BEWARE
OF THEE. GIVE EVERY
MAN THINE EAR, BUT FEW
THY VOICE:
THIS ABOVE ALL,—
TO THINE OWN SELF BE
TRUE;
SHAKES—
SENSATION POLICY
BUNCOMBE
MEDDLING
POLITICAL CAPITAL.
PEACE
NOTICE
TO
OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.
REAL DIPLOMACY:
DO NOT MEDDLE.
ARBITRATION
WHEN
ASKED
FOR
LAW
Th. Nast.

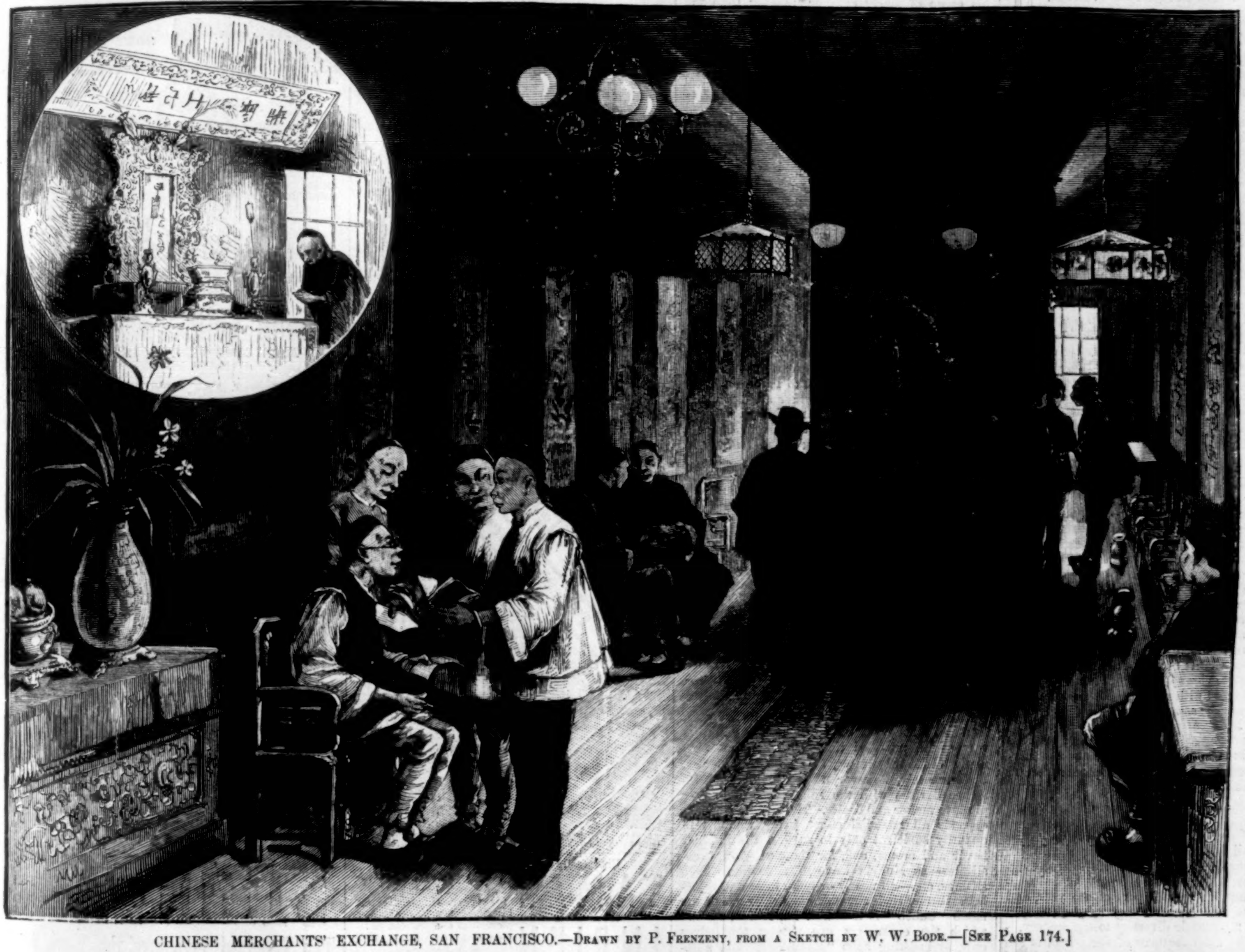
"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN." SHAKESPEARE.


$
SUBSIDIES
MEXICO
U.S.
R.R.
U.S.
CANAL
NICARAGUA
US
T.&.O.R.R.
TEHUANTEPEC
CENTRAL AMERICA.
NEW TREATY (CHINESE)
CHINA
"WHAT CARE WE FOR ABROAD!?" S.M.
IN GOD WE TRUST
85¢
$
STATES-MAN
SUBSIDIES
PANAMA
CAN
EUROPEAN
FRANCE
SPAIN
ITALY
DISH
CUBA
HANDLE
WITH
CARE.
U.S.
FISHERY
ARBITRATION
GENEVA
?
PERU
CHILI
Th. Nast.

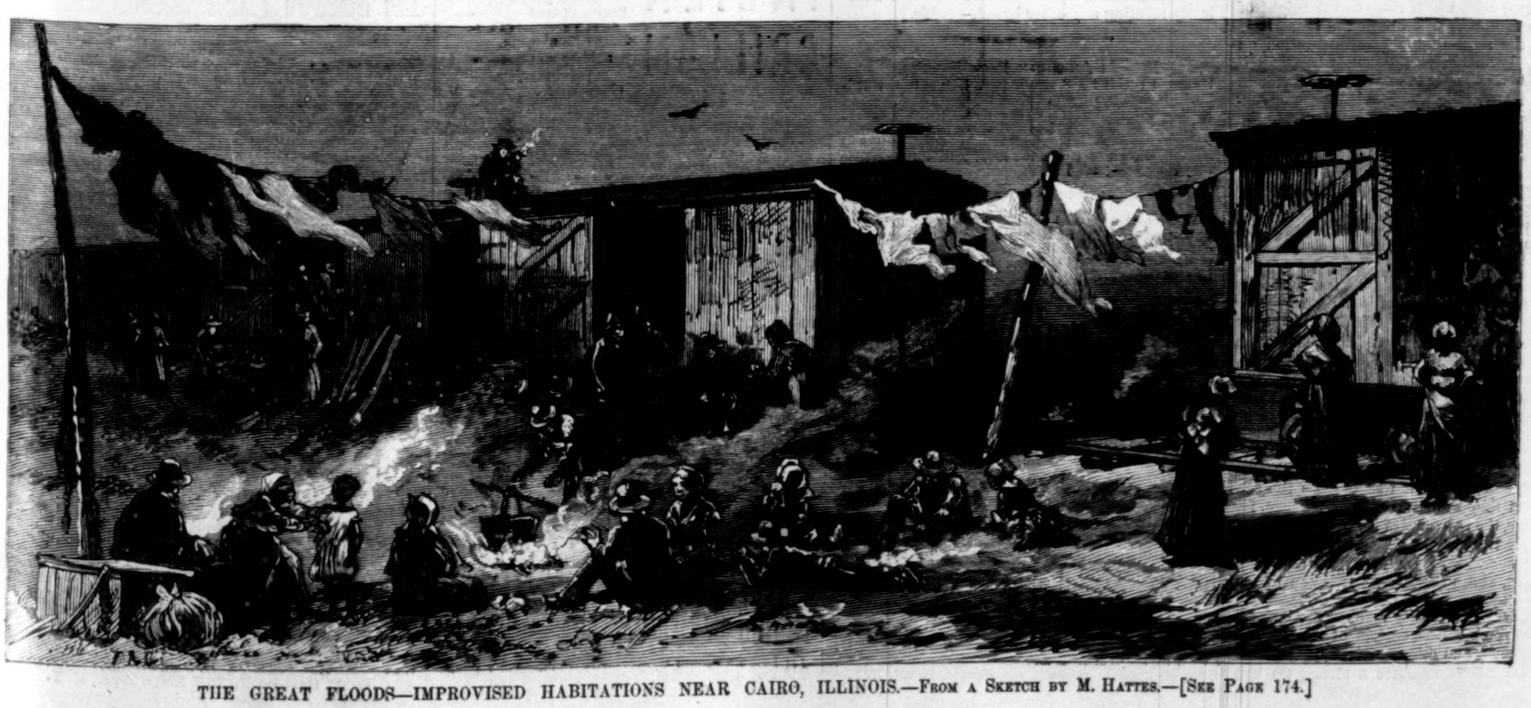
WHAT IS OUR FOREIGN POLICY?—(FRELINGHUYSEN —— BLAINE.)



WRECK OF A RIVER STEAMBOAT NEAR LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—From a Sketch by W. F. Clarke.—[See Page 174.]



CHINESE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO.—Drawn by P. Frenzeny, from a Sketch by W. W. Bode.—[See Page 174.]



THE GREAT FLOODS—IMPROVISED HABITATIONS NEAR CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—From a Sketch by M. Hattes.—[See Page 174.]

WRECKED ON THE OHIO.

THE wreck of the stern-wheel steamer *James D. Parker* on the falls of the Ohio River, March 5, was attended by thrilling incidents. The boat had just left Louisville, on her way to Memphis, with one hundred and twenty passengers and crew, and about six hundred tons of freight. In order to save time, it was decided to go over the falls, instead of around through the canal. Amid the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs of people on the wharf-boat, the *Parker* steamed majestically up the river a piece, when she was rounded to and straightened up for her entrance into the chute. She was started ahead on a slow bell, and went over the dam as handsomely as could be expected. But suddenly she was noticed by those on the shore to be sheering to the left, and then she began wabbling and turning sideways. It was noticed that her bow was gradually disappearing from sight, and when the boat got just below the bridge her bow disappeared altogether; she careened to the starboard side, her smoke-stacks toppled over, and down she went in eighteen feet of water, leaving nothing but her hurricane deck visible. As she went down, a cloud of steam rose high in the air, which was occasioned by the rush of water into the furnace and on the boilers. Fortunately the life-saving men were near at hand. All on board were rescued.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.

THE floods in the Mississippi, Cumberland, and other Western rivers continue with unabated violence. In many places the Lower Mississippi is now fifteen miles across, presenting the appearance of a vast lake. The destruction of villages and plantations through this unprecedented overflow is appalling. At Bolivar, Mississippi, the break in the levees is the largest ever known, and an immense stretch of territory is under water. From the river steamers the current can be seen sweeping over the fields with the force and roar of a cataract. The same story comes from almost every quarter, and the sufferings of the victims are indescribable; and although rations are distributed daily to a large extent through government officials, the condition of the destitute becomes every hour more desperate. It is estimated that not less than 20,000 people have been rendered homeless in Arkansas alone.

Our artist at Cairo, Illinois, witnessed a few days since the scene illustrated on page 173. Driven out of their homes by the flood, many people improvised dwellings out of some freight cars that were standing on higher ground, and made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

A CHINESE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

EVERY one who will study the quiet and orderly scene presented in our illustration of the Chinese Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco will hope that our Celestial immigrants may be long in acting on the suggestion conveyed in MR. NAST'S picture on the last page of this paper. The Exchange is neatly fitted up to suit the wants of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco. It is supplied with newspapers and commercial reports, has a fine refreshment-room, and a general hall where the merchants meet to discuss their affairs and interchange views on business matters. Visitors are received with perfect politeness, and everything wears the aspect of refinement and good-breeding. No greater contrast can be imagined than that presented by a concourse of Chinese merchants in this elegant structure and a gathering of "hoodlums" in a grog-shop to rave and howl against these "barbarians."

MAURITIUS.

THE small island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, is one of the most beautiful of the English colonies. The climate is delightful and salubrious during the greater part of the year, and rich valleys and lowlands and lofty mountain-peaks give a romantic diversity to the scenery.

One of the chief features of the island is the Morne, a huge rock which rises to the height of nearly two thousand feet above the sea. It is shown on the right of the first illustration on page 164. Formerly, when densely wooded, it was considered one of the securest strongholds on the island. It was the refuge of Maroons, or runaway slaves, who often gave great trouble to the soldiers who were sent to recapture them. The ascent is extremely dangerous and fatiguing.

Another peak which tasks the nerve and strength of adventurous climbers is the Peter Both, or Pieter Botte, as the name is sometimes written. The first to reach the summit, says MR. PIKE, in his delightful *Sub-Tropical Rambles* (published by HARPER & BROTHERS), "was a French mechanic named CLAUDE PENTHÉ, who conceived the then unheard-of idéa of scaling the formidable rocky walls, and, with only a single negro, succeeded in placing the French flag on the summit, on September 8, 1790. Very possibly his description of the difficulties in the way deterred his countrymen from following his daring example; however that may be, I believe no other attempt is recorded till September, 1832. On this date a party of British naval and military officers, with a large staff of men and accessories, essayed the ascent; but it was only on the second day that they were successful, and then, for the first time, the red cross of St. George flaunted triumphantly from the head.

"In the years 1848 and 1858, navy and army again united, and, with some gentlemen of the island, went up. In the expedition of 1858 they were three days before they reached the top. In 1864, when some of the officers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment and others arrived at the head, they left for future climbers a strong tin box, containing a visitors' book and a piece of lead with the names of former explorers scratched on it. I do not think the book requires to be a very bulky one. The hoary peak is not likely to be intruded upon very frequently."

The artist to whose pencil we are indebted for our illustrations of this island recently made a survey of its romantic shores in a little craft called the *Nina*. One morning when the porpoises were unusually abundant and playful, skimming and leaping about the boat, an attempt was made to harpoon a lively specimen. Happily the murderous attack was unsuccessful, and the festive creatures were allowed to pursue their graceful sports without further molestation.

JUMBO.

IT is fortunate for MR. BARNUM that he is just now beyond the reach of Young England. For the first time in his life, the genial showman has awakened wrath and despair in childish hearts. His purchase of Jumbo, the immense African elephant of the London Zoo, for transportation to this country, causes great lamentation among the little ones in England, with whom the gentle and docile beast is a prime favorite and play-fellow. "It will be difficult," says an English paper, "to understand the Zoo without Jumbo and his cargo of merry children, ranging from the tiny tot of two—more than half afraid of the unwieldy monster, and only quieted by the care of the keeper, who seemed to be as skillful in managing children as in controlling his huge steed—to the bold youngster of six, with whom Jumbo was a familiar friend, or the sedate damsel of thirteen, who mounts more for the sake of old times than for the actual enjoyment of the ride. Jumbo was a universal favorite, and as gentle with children as the best-trained poodle dog, taking the proffered biscuit or lump of sugar with an almost incredible delicacy of touch, so that the most nervous child, having once overcome his alarm, never hesitated to hand a morsel to the waving trunk a second time."

As soon as the sale of Jumbo became known, numbers of indignant letters from children and parents appeared in the papers, urging the repurchase of the favorite, but MR. BARNUM was inexorable. The first attempt to remove Jumbo from the Zoo was a failure. The poor beast moaned and cried, and appeared to be heart-broken at leaving his old familiar quarters and companions. Finally he refused to go another step, and his keepers were obliged to take him back. At the time of writing, no further attempt to remove him has been made. An injunction served upon the Zoological Society to prevent his sale was dissolved, and MR. BARNUM will probably soon have the satisfaction of showing him off to the children of America.

Jumbo, of whom a picture is given on page 175, is now twenty-one years old, having been taken to the Gardens from Paris at the age of five, in exchange for some other animals, and then was about the size of a Shetland pony. He is now over eleven feet high, and is the largest elephant in Europe. According to the testimony of African travellers, he is a giant amongst African elephants, which rarely exceed the height of ten feet. This remarkable growth is attributed to the good feeding, the careful housing, and constant grooming and attention which have been accorded to him during his stay in the Gardens.

PUBLIC interest in the extensive imitation of Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes would be very slight, provided that the imitations were really *Cubeb* Cigarettes, and equal in quality. Unfortunately, however, they are in every instance devised with the sole object of greater profit to maker and dealer. The *Cubebs*, whereon depends all remedial effect, being retained in quantity sufficient only to suggest the familiar flavor and aroma, and, for the rest, cheap substitutes—as Mullein leaves, Chamomile, Cubeb siftings, etc.—all nearly or quite inert and valueless. Under such circumstances their use of the name "Cubeb" is a brazen imposition, against which the consumers can protect themselves only by insisting upon "Marshall's," and absolutely refusing any other brand.—[*Adv.*]

RIKER'S AMERICAN FACE POWDER.

U cannot U'U it 2 X S,
U'U it then is Y'YYY,
In X L N C 'twill X L
All others in U'R I'll.

If once U U'U it, U will B
N tirely satisfied,
& say that RIKER'S A.F.P.
B eats all U ever tried.

Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES the most satisfactory article they can use.—[*Adv.*]

WOMEN are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Ginger Tonic, because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—*Home Journal.*—[*Adv.*]

INCALCULABLE HARM

Is inflicted upon young children and invalids by ill-chosen foods. Use only the highly-accredited Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food.—[*Adv.*]

STUTTERING cured by Bates' Appliances. Description sent by SIMPSON, 203 East 121 St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

AN agreeable dressing for the hair, that will stop its falling, has been long sought for. Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its purity, supplies this want. —[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

KEEP your bird in health and song by using **SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER.** Sold by all druggists and bird and cage dealers, 25c. per package. **Factory, 582 Hudson Street, N. Y.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

DITSON & CO. publish a very delightful series of standard and new books, designed to give, in an attractive literary form, all needed information about musical history and some portions of the study of music.

Town Libraries will confer a great favor on the musical people of the community by adding these books to their lists.

The Letters OF MENDELSSOHN (2 vols., each $1 75); MOZART (2 vols., each $1 50)—let us into the inner life of the great masters.

The Lives of BEETHOVEN ($2 00), of CHOPIN ($1 50), of GOTTSCHALK ($1 50), of HANDEL ($2 00), of ROSSINI ($1 75), of SCHUMANN ($1 50), of VON WEBER (2 vols., each $1 50), and of MENDELSSOHN ($1 50), are standard, exceedingly well written, and very readable books. Send for lists of other books.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

ИВАНЪ
ВЕЛИКIЙ
BRAND
REGISTD
Chs Farre
REIMS
BELL OF MOSCOW

CHAMPAGNE.

This wine is acknowledged by judges to be the best cuvée now in existence. It is selected by the Czar, and is largely consumed by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.

Gibson, Dulany, & Meyer, Sole Agents,
40 Beaver St., New York; 4 Exchange Place, Baltimore.

And by special appointment to the Imperial Russian Court.

Established 1818.
Beware of Counterfeits.

Copenhagen
Peter F. Heering's
Cherry Cordial

7 Prize Medals.
Gold Medal 1878 Paris.

Purveyor by appointments to the Royal Danish Court and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

For sale by Wine Dealers generally.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
Union Square, New York.

MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent "**WAVE.**" The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their **convenience, comfort,** and the **decided improved appearance** given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute **necessity** to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of **Nature's Curly Hair,** they **cannot** get out of wave. They have no **false wig-like** look so observable in **all** other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. **Price, $6 to $12** (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had **only** of **Mrs. C. Thompson.** 12 East 14th St., N. Y. Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.

75 cents the box.

Andrews' PARLOR FOLDING Bed.

Bedding folds out of sight; it saves room—elegant, strong and comfortable. **15 styles.** Price, **$22** up. We guarantee satisfaction. Send for Ill. catalogue. Made **only** by **A. H. Andrews & Co.** Chicago, Ill.

A FAMOUS COLLECTION OF STANDARD MUSIC.

HITCHCOCK'S
OLD AND NEW SONGS.
With Piano or Organ Accompaniments. Books 1, 2, 3, and 4 ready. Each costs 50c. Each has 250 pages.
All four mailed for $2.
Sold by all leading dealers in books, music, and periodicals.

SONGS SONGS SONGS SONGS SONGS SONGS SONGS SONGS
MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC

HITCHCOCK'S Music Store, 166 Nassau, opp. City Hall.

PELLUCIDITE,

A superior substitute for varnish for either inside or outside work. Just the thing for front-doors, sash floors, hard-wood finish, &c., or anywhere that a durable and handsome finish is wanted. Send for Circular to SEELEY BROS., 32 Burling Slip, N. Y.

CANDY

Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address **GUNTHER,** Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE.

THE FAMILY WASH BLUE.
For Sale by Grocers.
D. S. WILTBERGER, Prop.,
233 N. Second St., Phila., Pa.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. **G. I. REED & CO.,** Nassau, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

THE GREAT SAUCE
OF THE WORLD.
LEA & PERRINS'

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.
Sold and used throughout the world.
JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

ONLY $1. FOR ANY ONE OF THE **60** Choice Collections of Roses, Shrubs, Greenhouse Plants, Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Seeds, &c. For example: 12 choice Roses, $1; 12 Tuberoses, $1; 12 Carnations, $1; 12 Geraniums, $1; 20 Verbenas, $1; 8 Apples, $1; 6 Peach, $1; 8 Grapes $1; 25 Raspberries, $1; 40 Sweet Chestnuts, $1; 100 Hardy Catalpa, $1; 25 packets choice Flower Seeds, $1. Hundreds of others **CHEAP,** and many **NEW AND RARE!** and the CHOICEST collection of **DIME** Plants. All mailed *postage paid,* and *safe arrival guaranteed.* **A Catalogue of about 100 pages FREE.** **28th** *Year.* **18** *Greenhouses.* **400** *Acres.*
The STORRS & HARRISON CO., Painesville, Lake Co., Ohio

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,
Office, 5 & 7 John St., New York.

BRANCH OFFICES
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 North Eighth St., Philadelphia.
110 West Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments.
Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c., of *all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*
Gentlemen's Garments *cleaned or dyed whole.*
Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed. Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods. Correspondence invited.
Goods received and returned by express and by mail.

BARRETT NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

STEINWAY
The Standard Pianos of the World!
The Largest Establishment in Existence.
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

CARRIAGE STEPS
RUBBER COVERED

Prevent Accidents *from slipping.* The handsomest and safest carriagestep made. Forged from best iron and formed with a sunken panel, in which is secured a plating of *richly moulded Rubber.* Durability warranted. Illustrated circular free.
RUBBER STEP MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.
China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 Broadway, New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

THE "WATERBURY" **$3.50.**—The Cheapest, Reliable
STEM-WINDING WATCH
In the World!
Every Watch warranted. They are so well known as *Correct Time Keepers,* that thousands are buying them in preference to higher priced watches. Gents size, 2 in. diameter. By sending $3.65, I will send by Registered Mail and guarantee the Watch to reach you safely. **F. DEWING, 233 BROADWAY,**
(Main Store.) New York City.

HOLDEN'S BIRD MAGAZINE, an Illustrated Monthly. New articles each month on Cage Birds, Food, Care, Diseases, Remedies, Bird-market, Questions, Answers. Every bird keeper needs it. **$1.50 a Year; sample, 15 cents,** stamps. **HOLDEN'S** New Book on Birds, 128 pp., 80 Illustrations. All facts on all birds. By mail, 25 cents, stamps.
G. A. HOLDEN, 387 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

CARNATION PINKS

Strong Healthy Plants, *Clove-scented,* all labeled, *sent safely by mail,* in colors of *White, Carmine, Rose, Yellow, Scarlet, Variegated,* etc. **6 for 50c. 14 for $1.** **Extra Choice Varieties, 4 for 50c. 8 for $1.**

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE FREE.

SINGLE TUBEROSE **Orange-Flowered.** This is the most hardy, surest to bloom, and deliciously fragrant of all Tuberoses. To all who send **15c.** and address, I will *mail* **2** flowering bulbs, with full directions for blooming. **Double Pearl** same price. CHAS. T. STARR, Avondale, Chester Co., Pa.

FORTY-FIRST EDITION,

Revised and Enlarged,

OF

HASWELL'S ENGINEERS' AND MECHANICS' POCKET-BOOK.

Engineers' and Mechanics' Pocket-Book, containing Weights and Measures; Rules of Arithmetic; Weights of Materials; Latitude and Longitude; Cables and Anchors; Specific Gravities; Squares, Cubes, and Roots, &c.; Mensuration of Surfaces and Solids; Trigonometry; Mechanics; Friction; Aërostatics; Hydraulics and Hydrodynamics; Dynamics; Gravitation; Animal Strength; Windmills; Strength of Materials; Limes, Mortars, Cements, &c.; Wheels; Heat; Water; Gunnery; Sewers; Combustion; Steam and the Steam-Engine; Construction of Vessels; Miscellaneous Illustrations; Dimensions of Steamers, Mills, &c.; Orthography of Technical Words and Terms, &c., &c. By CHAS. H. HASWELL, C. & M. E. 12mo, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00.

A book that hits the nail on the head.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The volume before us is alone sufficient to make any man's reputation.—*Baltimore American.*

Haswell's Pocket-Book has a national reputation for the correctness of its facts and estimates.—*Chicago Journal.*

Mr. Haswell's book ought to be in the possession of every engineer and mechanic in the country.—*Scientific American.*

There are few men in any business to whom it will not save twenty times more than its cost.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The most complete and extensive pocket manual of its kind that has come under our observation.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

One of the most complete and useful *vade mecums* of reference for facts ever published.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone. We GIVE AWAY, in Premiums and Extras, more ROSES than most establishments grow. Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 12 for $2; 19 for $3; 26 for $4; 35 for $5; 75 for $10; 100 for $13. Our NEW GUIDE, *a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp, elegantly illustrated—free to all.*

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.

Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

WELLING

COMPRESSED IVORY MFG. CO. (LIMITED).

White Brush, Mirror, and Comb, medium size, $5.00 set, in Satin Lined Case. Billiard Balls, 2⅜, $10.00 set. Pool, 2¼, striped same as Ivory, $30.00 set. Checks, 1½ inches, $3.50 per 100. **251 Centre Street, New York.** Established 1855.

NOTICE.

Having reorganized our **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** we have assigned to MR. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

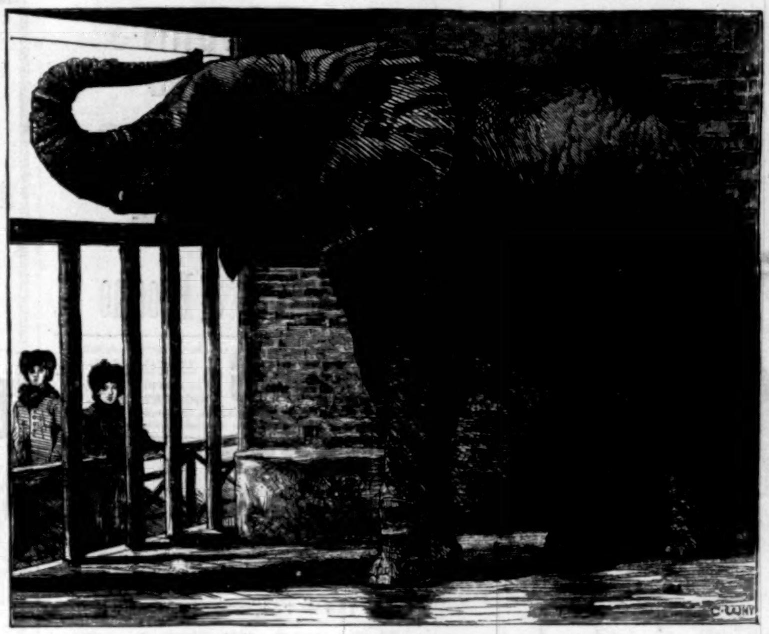
HARPER & BROTHERS.

CARDS Send two 3c. stamps to **Chas. Tollner, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.,** for a new set of large Chromo Cards and catalogue of latest designs published.

ROACHES, Rats, Cats, Mice, Ants, Flies, Insects, cleared out by "ROUGH ON RATS." 15c., druggists.

40 CARDS all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in Case, name in gold and jet, 10c. WEST & Co., Westville, Conn.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.



"JUMBO," THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT PURCHASED BY MR. BARNUM FROM THE LONDON ZOO.

[SEE PAGE 174.]

CARPETS.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

AT RETAIL,

5-FRAME BODY BRUSSELS, **At $1 25 per Yard.**

These Carpets are warranted of the very best quality, but last season's patterns. Also, the best Tapestry Brussels, at 80 cents and $1 per yard, in all the newest patterns and colorings.

Broadway, corner 19th St.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. Will mail FREE their Catalogue for 1882, containing a full descriptive Price-List of Flower, Field and Garden

SEEDS

Bulbs, Ornamental Grasses, and Immortelles, Gladiolus, Lilies, Roses, Plants, Garden Implements. Beautifully illustrated. Over 100 pages. Address

ROCHESTER, N.Y. & CHICAGO, ILL

179-183 East Main St. 200-206 Randolph St

CORRECT TIME!

If you want the Best Time Keeper for the Money that can be bought anywhere in the World, get the **LANCASTER WATCH** Sold by Jewelers throughout the United States. Its 16 grades are not the lowest in price but the best for the money. All Quick-Train ¾-plate Movements. Established 1874. Ask for the LANCASTER, PA., QUICK-TRAIN RAILROAD WATCHES.

$275 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—90 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample *free.* Address **Jay Bronson,** Detroit, Mich.

Hires' Improved Root Beer, Package **25cts.** Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, strengthening and wholesome **Drink.** Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of **25cts.** Address CHARLES E. HIRES, 48 N. Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell DR. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address DR. CHASE'S Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

AGENTS can now grasp **a fortune.** Address **RIDEOUT & CO.,** 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FANCY CARDS.—2 sets (10 cards), and catalogue new styles, 6c.; 5 sets, 15c. G. P. BROWN, Beverly, Mass.

E. A. MORRISON, **893 Broadway, N. Y.,** IMPORTER AND RETAILER OF NEW AND DESIRABLE

LACES,

LACE ARTICLES, AND MADE-UP LACE GOODS IN REAL AND IMITATION. LADIES' LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS MADE TO ORDER. ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

P.S.—Wholesale Department second and third floors.

IMPORTED ART TILES.

HEARTHS AND MANTEL FACINGS of every description. BATH-ROOM DECORATIONS a specialty. MOSAICS and every style of Flooring Tiles. BRIC-A-BRAC in Tiles, Ceramics, &c.

EDWARD BOOTE,

11 East 19th St., opposite Arnold, Constable, & Co.

SEEDS & C FLOWERING Bulbs, Seeds and Plants. PLANTS BULBS

SHOULD SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

REMEMBER we are the largest raisers of many classes of Plants in the country, and have the best facilities for transacting business. **50** acres—all flowers. **10** large Greenhouses.

V. H. HALLOCK, SON & THORPE, Queens, N.Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

50 Extra Fine White Wedding Bristol Cards, Name in Script Type equal to an Engraved Card, 25 cts., postpaid. **GEO. I. REED & CO.,** Nassau, N. Y.

OPIUM and **Morphine Habit Cured** in **10** to **30** days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. **Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.**

$75 per week to Agents, male or female. Splendid chance. Address Garside & Co., 201 B'way, N.Y.

GET RICH selling our Rubber Stamps and Music. Samples free. L. P. BISSELL & Co., Cleveland, O.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

J. C. TODD & SIMONTON,

ENGINEERS and MACHINISTS.

Flax, Hemp, Jute, Rope, Oakum, and Bagging Machinery, Steam Engines, Boilers, etc. Sole agents for Mayher's New Patent Acme Steam Engine and Force Pump combined. Also owners and exclusive manufacturers of

The New Baxter Patent Portable Steam Engine.

These engines are admirably adapted to all kinds of light power for driving printing presses, pumping water, sawing wood, grinding coffee, ginning cotton, and all kinds of agricultural and mechanical purposes, and are furnished at the following low prices:

1 Horse Power,	$150	1½ Horse Power,	$190
2 Horse Power,	245	2½ Horse Power,	275
3 Horse Power,	290	4 Horse Power,	350

Send for descriptive circular. Address

J. C. TODD & SIMONTON, Paterson, N. J., Or No. 10 Barclay St. New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

A MANUAL OF HISTORICAL LITERATURE: Comprising Brief Descriptions of the most important Histories in English, French, and German, together with Practical Suggestions as to Methods and Courses of Historical Study. For the Use of Students, General Readers, and Collectors of Books. By CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS, LL.D., Professor of History in the University of Michigan. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

II.

CHARLES LAMB. By ALFRED AINGER. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The Latest Volume issued in the "English Men of Letters."

III.

CICERONIS DE FINIBUS Bonorum et Malorum Libri quinque. D. Io. NICOLAUS MADVIGIUS Recensuit et Enarravit. 18mo, Paper, 32 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.

Cæsar. — Sallust. — Vergil. — Ciceronis Orationes Selectae. — Horace. — Lucretius. — Ciceronis Tusculanae Disputationes. — Æschylus. — Sophocles. — Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia et de Officiis. — Cicero de Natura Deorum, de Divinatione, de Fato. — Xenophon. — Herodotus. 2 vols. — Thucydides. 2 vols. — Euripides. 3 vols. — Platonis Dialogi VI. — Ciceronis Epistulae Selectae. — Cicero de Finibus. 18mo, Paper, 32 cents a vol.; Cloth, 50 cents a vol.

IV.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 55 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

Uniform with *Rolfe's English Classics:* The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Richard II.—Richard III.—Macbeth.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Henry V.—As You Like It.—Hamlet.—Much Ado About Nothing.—Romeo and Juliet.—Othello.—Twelfth Night.—The Winter's Tale.—King John.—Henry IV. Part I.—Henry IV. Part II.—King Lear.—The Taming of the Shrew.—All 's Well that Ends Well.—Coriolanus.—The Comedy of Errors.—Cymbeline.—Antony and Cleopatra.—Measure for Measure.—Merry Wives of Windsor.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems. 16mo, Cloth, Illustrated, 55 cents per volume; Paper, 40 cents per volume.

V.

MEMORIES OF OLD FRIENDS. Being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, Cornwall, 1835 to 1871. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VI.

HASWELL'S ENGINEERS' AND MECHANICS' POCKET-BOOK. Forty-First Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 12mo, Cloth, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00.

VII.

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., LL.D.; Author of "History of the English People," "Short History of the English People," &c., &c. With Maps. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50; 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

VIII.

HESPEROTHEN; Notes from the West: a Record of a Ramble in the United States and Canada in the Spring and Summer of 1881. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

IX.

ATLANTIS: the Antediluvian World. By IGNATIUS DONNELLY. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

X.

OLD GREEK EDUCATION. By J. P. MAHAFFY, M.A., Fellow and Tutor, Trinity College, Dublin; Knight of the Order of the Saviour; Author of "Social Life in Greece," "A History of Greek Literature," "A Primer of Greek Antiquities," &c. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

XI.

FRENCH HISTORY FOR ENGLISH CHILDREN. By SARAH BROOK. Edited by GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON. With Illustrations and Colored Maps. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

XII.

GREAT MOVEMENTS, AND THOSE WHO ACHIEVED THEM. By HENRY J. NICOLL. With Portraits. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

XIII.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM 1760 TO 1860. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, M.A. 4to, Paper, 25 cents.

XIV.

THE FOUR MACNICOLS. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Princess of Thule," "Sunrise," &c. Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Beggar My Neighbor. By E. D. GERARD. 20 cents.

Love the Debt. By BASIL. 20 cents.

Among the Ruins, and Other Stories. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

One May Day. By Miss GRANT. 20 cents.

A Heart's Problem. By CHARLES GIBBON. 10 cents.

God and the Man. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. 20 cents.

The Senior Partner. By Mrs. RIDDELL. 20 cents.

The Captains' Room. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. 10 cents.

The Question of Cain. By Mrs. F. CASHEL HOEY. 20 cents.

A Grape from a Thorn. By JAMES PAYN. 20 cents.

A Laodicean. By THOMAS HARDY. With Two Illustrations. 20 cents.

The Comet of a Season. By JUSTIN McCARTHY. 20 cts.

Christowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 20 cents.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke. 20 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.